

T H E
ENTERTAINER;

Containing great Variety of
Instructive Entertainment,
F O R
Persons of every Age, Rank, or Degree.

Collected by CHARLES TELL-TRUTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JAMES HENRY, in the *Strand*.
M,DCC,LXVI.





T H E C O N T E N T S.

O F the care and improvement of time,	Pag. 3.
To a superior Magistrate,	7
Of good Laws and good Magistrates,	8
The requisites of a compleatly qualified Judge,	10
To the Right honourable the Lord chief Baron Bowes, on his return to <i>Ireland</i> , 1755.	11
On the chief Baron's being appointed Lord Chan- cellor 1757,	12
Of the administration of impartial Justice,	13
Of the unchristian-like behaviour of harsh and cruel creditors	16
Of Poverty, &c.	19
Of sustaining Afflictions with Fortitude,	25
Of Power and Superiority,	27
a 2	Of

CONTENTS.

Of our mutual dependance on each other, to augment our happiness, &c.	Pag. 29
Of Friendship,	34
Of the advantages of thinking,	35
Of Tutors, and the great advantages arising to their Pupils, by an industrious care of their Education,	37
Advice to the children of great men,	43
The Progress of Learning,	47
Poem on Science,	49
Lord L—— to his Nephew upon his entering into Holy orders,	53
A Poem on the first arrival of his Majesty King George the first into <i>England</i> ,	55
On the Death of King George the second,	58
A Poem on the Coronation of his Majesty King George the third, which was September 22. 1761. His accession to the Throne was October 25, 1760.	59
On his Majesty's Marriage,	63
Character of the King of <i>Prussia</i> ,	<i>ibid.</i>
On his late Grace the Duke of <i>Marlborough</i> , when in the decline of life, and dozing in a melancholy posture on his couch,	66
To his Excellency Lieutenant-General <i>Bland</i> , at his arrival in <i>Dublin</i> , from his Government in <i>Gibraltar</i> ,	68
Another Poem on his Grace the late Duke of <i>Marlborough</i> ,	69
Character of the late field marshal <i>Keith</i> , who was killed in a battle, he was commander under the brave King of <i>Prussia</i> ,	72
Character of the late Duke of <i>Marlborough</i> ,	77
To Admiral <i>Haddock</i> on the successes of Admiral <i>Vernon</i> , 1740.	79
On Admiral <i>Vernon</i> ,	81
	On

CONTENTS.

Advice to Admiral <i>Vernon</i> , 1740.	Pag. 81
The advice to Admiral <i>Vernon</i> revers'd, 1740.	82
On Admiral <i>Vernon</i> 's success in <i>America</i> ,	<i>ibid.</i>
These lines spoke by a young Lady on seeing his Grace the Duke of <i>Argyle</i> , 1740.	83
On the Death of a Friend.	<i>ibid.</i>
To a Lady on her making a present of a Looking- glass.	<i>ibid.</i>
Poem on a late battle in <i>Germany</i> , 1760,	84
On our many glorious and happy victories, 1760.	86
To the memory of General <i>Wolfe</i> ,	88
An Officers address to the Public, 1760,	<i>ibid.</i>
To a young Lady, an ingenious writer of several pieces,	93
<i>Dennis MacCarthy</i> Esquire. His petition, &c.	95
A Letter from a gentleman in <i>Philadelphia</i> to his particular Friend in <i>London</i> , dated Aug. 6, 1760.	98
The Answer.	99
To a young Lady,	101
A Medicine to cure scolding Wives,	102
Of Matrimony;	107
A Gentleman to his friend on private and public marriages,	109
The Cocker's whistling Linnet,	110
A question taken from the <i>Athenian Oracle</i>	111
On Variety,	<i>ibid.</i>
Spoke by a gentleman who was most grievously perplex'd with a turbulent wife,	112
Of conferring favours on ungrateful persons,	116
The well dispos'd youth's desire of wisdom,	118
An Evening meditation,	119
A poem on the beauties of Summer,	120
Of man's dependance on his Creator,	122
Of persons being unconcerned at the frequent deaths of their neighbours, and the happiness of a well regulated family,	125
Against	

CONTENTS.

Against covetousness,	Pag. 130
Of <i>Tiberius Constantinus</i> , a Prince remarkable for being charitable, and of his finding great treasure. In which passage I have introduced the Liberality of our Parliament: The incorporated Society. The <i>Dublin Society</i> , &c. And the Exemplary Benevolence of his Excellency <i>George dunk</i> , Earl of <i>Hallifax</i> , Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of the Kingdom of <i>Ireland</i> ,	132
On the Death of the late Rev. Doctor <i>Lawson</i> , who was remarkable for preaching excellent charity sermons, and consequently exciting Liberality.	140
On the Rev. Mr. <i>Harvey</i> , his meditation on the Tombs; the flower garden, and the starry heavens,	143
A poem on Benevolence,	145
A Father's advice to his Son,	148
Of great Patience,	149
Of meekness, &c.	150
Advice in respect of young women,	151
Of the danger of sitting near doors or windows, in a room where there is a large fire or many candles,	152
On being ask'd what is honour,	153
An extract of a Letter from a Colonel to a Lieutenant newly commissioned,	154
A Description of the Tower of <i>London</i> ,	158
A Description of <i>Westminster Bridge</i> ,	160
A Description of <i>Essex Bridge</i> , <i>Dublin</i> ,	161
A Poem on a country life,	162
An Acrostic on <i>St. James's Park, London</i> ,	164
A Rebuke to common Swearers,	165
On writing,	ibid.
A poem in praise of a worthy merchant,	166

CONTENTS.

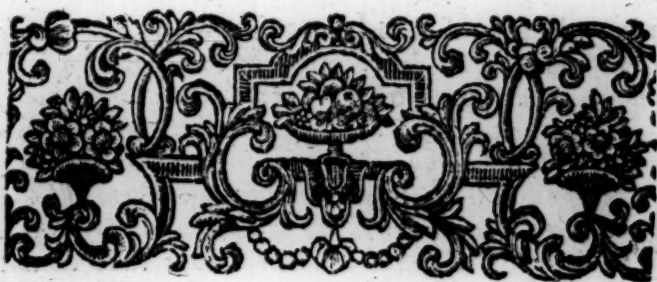
Of Doctor <i>Hammond's</i> preaching before <i>K. Charles</i>	Pag. 167
Of writing in a small compass,	169
Of the usefulness of the Pen,	<i>ibid.</i>
A Poem on the much lamented death of <i>Mr. Matthew Buckinger</i> , who resided in <i>Droghda</i> about the year 1716, being a famous little man, without Arms or Legs,	173
Of truth and Falshood,	177
A Religious youth's morning hymn,	179
On innocence,	181
What is Man,	<i>ibid.</i>
Of innocence and prudence,	182
Of Industry,	<i>ibid.</i>
On Bribery in the reign of King <i>Alfred</i> 872,	183
On Lawyers,	184
Two beggars disputing their right to an Oyster they had found; a Lawyer thus decides the cause,	<i>ibid.</i>
Of careless and inconsiderate men, &c.	185
A poem by a gentleman, in imitation of a watchman going his rounds,	189
Wrote on the Tomb of a Clergyman,	191
The following inscription, as a tribute due to Archbishop <i>Usher's</i> virtues hath been publish'd, which I shall give the reader.	<i>ibid.</i>
An inscription on <i>John Thornburgh</i> , Bishop of <i>Worcester's</i> monument,	193
Of the building of <i>St. Patrick's</i> Cathedral: the Steeple, the Cathedral of <i>Christ-church</i> , and Episcopal Palace, &c.	194
An Account of the late Archbishop <i>King</i> , his promotions, great sufferings, &c.	196
Of Conversation and Study,	199
A necessary rule for conversation, &c.	203
The value and neglect of the Laws of conversation.	205
Several men have several delights,	212
	Of

CONTENTS.

On Solitude,	Pag. 213.
How. an old man may know he is in health,	214.
The folly of affecting an Acquaintance with the Great.	217.
A remarkable passage which is yearly offered at Dunmow in <i>Essex</i> , viz. A gammon of Bacon is given to Husband or Wife, being married a year and a day; who can swear the oath here mentioned.	220.
The form of the Oath on that occasion administred.	221.
On true Beauty.	222.
Learning and knowledge is of little use unless we are truly grateful and thankful to our glorious God.	223.
<i>J—B— to F—S—</i> on Patriotism,	225.
A Poem upon an Election for Parliament men.	228.
A Poem on the Tombs of the Kings of <i>Judea</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	
Of Modesty and Humility.	230.

8 MA64

The Account of the late Archbishop King, his most
 Honorable Great Majesty, &c.
 Of Conversation and Company.
 A necessary rule for conversation, &c.
 The value and neglect of the laws of conversation.
 Several men have several delights.



T H E
ENTERTAINER, &c.

Of the Care and Improvement of Time.

TO be careful how we manage and employ our time, is one of the first precepts that is taught in the school of wisdom, and one of the last that is learned. The first and leading dictate of prudence is, that a man propose to himself his true and best interest for his end; and the next is, that he make use of all those means and opportunities, whereby that end is to be attained. And betwixt these two there is such a close connexion, that he that does not the latter, cannot be supposed to intend the former. He that is not careful of his actions, shall never persuade me that he seriously proposes to himself his best interest, as his end, for if he did, he would as seriously apply himself to the regulation of the other, as the means. And so he that is not careful of his time, cannot in

reason be supposed to be careful of his actions ; for if he were, he would certainly have a special regard to the opportunity of their performance. Among all the talents which are committed to our stewardship, time upon several accounts is the most precious, yet there is not any one thing, of which the generality of men are more profuse and regardless. Tho' it be of that inestimable value, that 'tis not distributed to us entirely, and at once, like other blessings, but is dealt out in minutes and little parcels, as if a man were not to be trusted with the entire possession of such a choice treasure, yet there are very many that think themselves so overstocked with it, that instead of husbanding it to advantage, the main business of their thoughts is how to rid themselves of it, and accordingly they catch at every shadow and opportunity of relief ; strike in at a venture with the next companion, and so the dead commodity be taken off, care not who be the chapman. Nay, 'tis obvious to observe, that even those persons, who are frugal and thrifty in every thing else, are yet extremely prodigal of their best revenue, Time ; of which alone (as *Seneca* well observes) 'tis a virtue to be covetous. Neither may this censure be applied only to the unthinking multitude, the sphere of whose consideration, is supposed to be very narrow, and their apprehension short-sighted ; but it is observable that many of those who set up for wits, and pretend to a more than ordinary sagacity and delicacy of sense, do, notwithstanding, spend their time very unaccountably, and live away whole days, weeks, and sometimes months together, to as little purpose (though it may be not so innocently) as if they had been asleep all the while. And this they are so far from being ashamed to own, that they freely boast of it, and glory in it, thinking that it tends to their reputation, and commends the

the greatness of their parts, that they can support themselves upon the natural stock, without being beholden to the interest that is brought in by study and industry. But if their parts be so good as they would have others believe, sure they are worth improving; if not, they have the more need of it. And though it be an argument of a rich mind, to be able to maintain itself without labour, and subsist without the advantages of study, yet there is no man that has such a portion of sense, but will understand the use of his time better than to put it to the trial. Greatness of parts is so far from being a discharge from industry, that we find men of the most exquisite sense in all ages, were always most careful of their time: nay, the most intelligent of all created beings (who may be allowed to pass a truer estimate upon things than the finest mortal wit) value time at a high rate. Let me go (says the Angel to the importunate Patriarch) for the day breaketh. And therefore, it is to be suspected, that the excellency of those mens parts, who are dissolute and careless mispenders of their time, if they were men of any thought, how is it possible, but these should be some of the number, *viz.* that this life is wholly in order to another, and that time is that sole opportunity that God has given us, for transacting the great business of Eternity. That our work is great, and our day of working short, much of which also is lost and rendered uselefs, thro' the cloudiness and darkness of the morning, and the thick vapours, and unwholesome fogs of the evening; the ignorance and inadvertency of youth, and the diseases and infirmities of old age: that our portion of time is not only short, as to its duration, but also uncertain in the possession; that the loss of it is irreparable to the loser, and profitable to no-body else: that it shall be severely accounted

for at the great Judgment, and lamented in a sad Eternity. He that considers these things (and sure he must be a very unthinking man that does not) will certainly be choice of his time, and look upon it no longer as a bare state of duration, but as an opportunity; and consequently will let no part of it (no considerable part at least) slip away either unobserved or unimproved. This is the most effectual way, to secure to ones self the character of a wise man here, and the reward of one hereafter — Whatever we see, on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time, and the flux of life. The day and night succeedeth each other, the different seasons diversifies the year, the Sun rises, attains the Meridian, declines and sets, and the Moon every night changes its form. The day has been considered as an image of the year, and the year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood; the evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness, shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed, and the winter, points out the time when life shall cease, with all its hopes and pleasures. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the Sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years, would glide away unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already
lost,

lost, with that which may probably remain. Many who mark with accuracy, the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects ; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed ; and remember that every moment of delay, takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who purposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and the night cometh when no man can work.—This life is nothing more than a short portion of duration, a prelude to another that will never have an end. It is a state of trial, a period of probations ; and as we spend it either in the service of virtue or vice, our state in the regions of Eternity will be happy or miserable.

To a superior Magistrate.

REMEMBER, Sir, that thy example will influence multitudes of people ; it will constitute either their happiness or misery. If thou art careful to direct thy paths by the precepts of reason, and to listen to the dictates of conscience ; if thou art indefatigable in punishing oppressors and those who wallow in wickedness, and careful to encourage virtue and merit wherever it be found ; then shall happiness dwell in thy residence ; and plenty smile around thy habitations. The tongue of the hoary sage shall bless thee ; and the people in general rehearse the glories of thy behaviour. Thus shall thy life glide on serenely, and when death receives his commission, to put a period to

thy existence, thou shalt receive the summons with tranquillity, and pass, without fear, the gloomy valley that separates time from Eternity. Treasure these instructions in thy heart, practise them, and be happy.

Of good Laws and good Magistrates.

THOUGH virtue be said to be its own reward, and to be greatly encreased by its own gratulations, and sufficiently recompenced by its own applause; yet the praise of others ought always to be added, and the tribute and perfume of reason, and should as constantly attend upon it, as health upon temperance, riches upon industry, or power upon princes: because praise is not only a debt due to virtue, but like a kindly shower upon the grateful ground, it augments its verdure, and invigorates its growth. As light issues from the Sun, so ought honour always to flow from virtue: true honour is the applause of right reason, which never can be given to vice: men often do indeed for their own interests, worship the wicked, and flatter the profane; but that is only mere outside, and is far from being true honour, because it flows from falsehood, and not from the just and impartial dictates of right reason. The dissembling flatterer, therefore, who puts sweet for bitter, by praising where he ought to blame, and for his own private ends, endeavours, contrary to his conscience, to bestow the robe of virtue, fame, upon the vicious, does indeed, to the utmost of his power, oppose the righteous laws of his creator, and obstruct the order, and subvert the happiness of human kind. As we ought not to cast over virtue the disgraceful
shade

shade of vice, so we should not decorate vice with virtue's lovely trophies; but to make the one appear amiable, and the other odious, we should always shew them in their true and genuine colours. Since the happiness of every nation principally depends upon their laws, and the just execution of them, we cannot esteem any men more worthy of praise, than those who make good laws, and cause them to be justly executed; or that merit infamy more, than those who act the contrary. Good laws are the strength and sinews of a state; but if care be not taken to see them duly executed, they are but like money in a miser's chest. Good magistrates will, like good gardeners, protect and cherish every fragrant, virtuous flower, and keep the garden of the state free from all noisome, vitious weeds; and above all things, they will lop off every baneful, impoverishing branch of luxury, and clear away that destroying canker-worm, corruption. Corruption in the body politick, is not unlike a consumption in the body natural; it is a slow but sure poison, that by degrees blows off its beauty, and almost imperceptibly steals away its strength, till the state being by constant drainings dried up and reduced to a skeleton, at last suffers a dissolution and change. The *Thebans* used to paint their judges and magistrates without hands, because they well knew, that gold applied to the palms, had so surprizing an effect upon the whole body, as to dim the eyes, deafen the ears, and tie the tongue. Ability in those that make, or those who dispense the laws, without integrity, is but like a sword in the hand of an enemy. Integrity is indeed one of the noblest jewels of the heart, and wherever found, can never be too much valued and applauded; nor ought we to praise it only in those of our own country, but to applaud it even in our very enemies.

To be intrusted by the people with their laws, liberties, and properties, is, of all others, the most important trust; and as it is the greatest confidence that can be placed in men, so it ought always to be executed with the greatest integrity. Parliaments are indeed the *Primum Mobile* of the nation, on which all other orbs depend: they are the nation's grand Barometer, according to the degree of whose wisdom and integrity, the honour and prosperity of the kingdom must always rise or fall. Since then the happiness of a whole nation, depends upon the ability and integrity of a few, how careful ought the people to be in the choice of their representatives, to elect such only as they have reason to believe to have wise heads, and uncorrupted hearts, lest the defect of either, should make a kingdom unhappy, and be the cause of the misery of millions.

The Requisites of a compleatly qualified Judge.

HE should be quick to hear, and slow to speak, and have a sufficient degree of knowledge and integrity. He should be tall in person, and majestic in deportment, with a pondering look, a contracted, but not angry brow; his eye fixed on the advocate, to signify his attention; he should be dressed in a grave but comely robe, to engage respect, and he should pronounce his sentence with deliberate speech, and dignity of aspect.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Chief
Baron Bowes, on his Return to Ireland,
1755.*

Y E virgin muses tune the lyre,
Come all ye nine and aid my fire ;
While vainly I attempt to say,
What joys attend the happy day,
That lands him on *Iernes'* shore,
(From whence may he depart no more)
Where honour'd with his friendly aid,
This tribute to him I have paid ;
The offering of a grateful mind,
Composed on the just and kind.
For whom 'tis thus I often pray ;
When he is on the liquid way :
May *Neptune* smoothe the raging deep,
And lay the stormy winds asleep.
May *Phæbus* lighten up the day,
And *Luna* her bright lamp display ;
While Eastern gales to *Dublin* send,
The righteous judge and faithful friend ;
But hark, my muse, who rambling goes,
Pray sully not the name of *Bowes* ;
Know, wanton maid, that 'tis a name,
Which shines among the sons of fame :
Apollo's skill should it rehearse,
In strains, above such humble verse ;
And tuneful choirs ought all combine,
To make with it their number shine,
'Tis not for thee his worth to show,
Or tell from him how bounties flow ;
Which he diffuses all around,
To the distress'd that can be found,

Sure

Sure he, whene'er his race is run,
 When he perceives his setting sun,
 Must go where endless joys abound,
 And there with real blifs be crown'd,
 But may this change be very late,
 May he a Century compleat ;
 Or what it pleases Heaven to give,
 That dooms him long, yet short, to live,
 That envies in its earthly stay,
 His soul intomb'd by mortal clay.

*On the Chief Baron's being appointed Lord-
 Chancellor, 1757.*

NOW justice reigns, and vindicates her own,
 By placing *Bowes* on her exalted throne :
 The goddess, mild, rais'd up her awful head,
 Then dry'd the tears which she for *Jocelyn* shed,
 And thus, the genius of our isle, address'd,
 Soothing the woes that labour'd in his breast ;
 Let *Bowes* the balance hold, and take my seat,
 The scholar, friend, and every thing that's great ;
 Fell tyrants of the land to curb and awe,
 And snatch the wretched from oppression's paw ;
 To help the poor and friendless in distress :
 And injuries for virtue's sake redress :
 Thus shall he leave a deathless, spotless name,
 And shine distinguished in the rolls of fame.

Of the Administration of impartial Justice.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and god-like as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments. As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of a man. Such a one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender, by the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people. When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin. For this reason, the best law that has ever past in our days, is that, which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such, who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. Impartial judges
are

are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them, whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory, when dead. The public rejoice, to see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his country's laws, can overcome all private fear, resentment, sollicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it. Observe the following passage. As one of the *Persian* Sultans lay encamped, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and used her ill; the peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress, but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him, that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him, immediately to repair to his tent, and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days, the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who, thereupon, applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death.

This

This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor, by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it, looked on the face, and immediately fell on his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer to be slain; why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer; and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily; the Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner: Upon hearing the greatness of the offence, which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it had been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming; I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal: upon the lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and to my unspeakable joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind, I have been in, upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time to this very moment.

Of

*Of the unchristian-like Behaviour of harsh
and cruel Creditors.*

JUSTICE, although a principal virtue, yet administered too rigorously, degenerates into cruelty, and consequently loseth its original essential spirit. It is true, the principals of self-preservation, as well as the legally established maxims of society, require and inforce a just and punctual payment of debts, contracted by one man with another ; and it is no less true, that men of the sincerest and most strictly honest dispositions, may be, nay, and frequently are, disqualified from corresponding exactly with the demands of their creditors, from those vicissitudes in human affairs, those unexpected disappointments, and sudden losses, to which all mankind are unavoidably subject ; and, in this case, to put men thus inclined, thus circumstanced, to the utmost severity of law, is, in every instance, downright cruelty, and, of course, a proceeding inconsistent with virtue, therefore with justice. When an honest man, surrounded by perverse incidents, not always in the power of wisdom to foresee, or prudence to prevent, offereth his creditors, fairly and visibly, without the least tincture of fraud or collusion, all the terms of retaliation, within his reach or capacity ; surely, a compliance with such terms, is far more eligible and consistent with virtue, religion, and prudence, than robbing such a man of his natural free agency, and condemning him to all the horrors of a wretched jail : which can answer no other end, than the gratification of an intemperate, vindictive spirit, that every man of christian probity should diligently study to subdue. A young gentleman of a neighbouring
county,

county, of a good fortune, but not of a cautionary oeconomy, happening in the hurry of youth, to have contracted various debts, was some time since, arrested and committed to jail, where, to the honour of his memory, he made repeated overtures of alienating two thirds of his estate, for the security of his creditors, and discharge of his debts — but to no purpose. — The young gentleman, from his infancy, used to clear air, sportive exercise, and a generous manner of living, closely pent up and flinted, languished a few months, pined away and died; whereas, from his natural frame of body, he might reasonably be hoped to live to discharge the last farthing, had he been treated with more indulgence, by those who were deeply interested in the preservation of his life. This catastrophe, fatal to the young gentleman, and hurtful to his creditors, whose demands are of no longer efficacy, may probably induce others to a more benevolent temper toward those who have the misfortune to be indebted to them, and to a temper more consistent with good understanding, as well as with the famed hospitality of *Ireland*.

The preceding passage, brings to my memory, the unfortunate case of an injured debtor, by a treacherous, unmerciful, cruel, and unjust creditor. About the year, 1740, an intimate acquaintance of mine, who, for many years, dealt extensively in this city, and was remarked for carefulness, diligence, and close application to his business, and a punctual discharge of his debts, until he had extraordinary losses by giving large credit; he therefore failed, and was obliged to apply for a letter of licence for twelve months, which was readily signed by all his creditors, but one man, who declared, that though he would not sign, yet, he would give him the same time as the rest of his creditors, and
not

not in any case molest him ; but, however, a considerable time before the expiration of said twelve months, arrested this unfortunate debtor, and would not hearken to any accomodation but the payment of the debt (which was about thirty pounds *sterling*) or he must be lodged in prison, which was accordingly done, and there he remained for forty days, and as this debtor was esteemed by all that knew him, to be a well disposed man : this irreligious creditor would frequently upbraid him, saying, tribulation attends the righteous ; and though this poor man paid him of said debt, at two equal payments, twenty pounds *sterling*, yet for the remainder, he took his goods, at his, and a broker's (a friend of his) at their own valuation, and consequently was his entire ruination. This cruel creditor and unhappy debtor are still in being in this city ; and it may, in truth and reality, be allowed, that the former dealt treacherously, by breaking his word with his debtor, who innocently depended thereon : he behaved unmercifully in that he would not hearken to any reasonable composition. His cruelty was such, that he would either have the money or the marshalsea, though at a rigorous time of the year. He shewed himself extremely unjust by taking the poor man's goods for the balance (after paying him twenty pounds of the debt) after such a manner, as to the valuation of them, as would make an honest man shudder thereat, did he but know the particulars of his defrauding management. We may thank God, we have not many men of such unnatural behaviour, for this city abounds with gentlemen of benevolent and humane dispositions.

Of Poverty, &c.

AMIDST the miseries to which human life is liable, nothing is so generally dreaded as poverty, since it exposes mankind to distresses that are but little pitied, and to the contempt of those who have no natural endowments, superior to our own. Every other difficulty or danger a man is enabled to encounter with courage and alacrity, because that he knows his success will meet with applause; for bravery will always meet with admirers, but in poverty every virtue is obscured, and no conduct can entirely free a man from reproach. Cheerfulness, as a great author observes, is here insensibility; and dejection, fullness; its hardships are without honour, and its labours without reward. Notwithstanding this, there is no station more favourable to the growth of virtue, where the seeds are previously planted in the mind. The poor man is from his situation, cut off from a thousand temptations to vice; and that levity and dissipation of thought, which are the common attendants of ease and affluence, are obliged to give way to the steady exercise of reason and cool reflection, which are as closely connected with wisdom, as vice is with folly. But when poverty is felt in its utmost extremity, it then becomes excessively dangerous, and some deviations from rectitude are perhaps impossible to be avoided. The man who can support with courage, the proud man's imperious behaviour, may yet shrink at the prospect of a prison; and he who can cheerfully feed on the coarsest meals, may likewise be unable to resist the solicitations of hunger, to deviate from the strait road of equity, where it leads through a barren waste, and where there are
fruits

fruits at a distance to tempt his approach. Where this is the case, it would be cruel to punish the unhappy wretch, who is unable to withstand the power of such temptations ; temptations that may be doubled by the multiplying distress of seeing a family ready to perish. The learned and pious *Boerhaave* observes, that he never saw a criminal carried to execution, without asking his own heart; who knows whether this man is not less guilty than I. Were all mankind to ask themselves the same question, justice would frequently be executed with less rigour, and perhaps the malefactor, sometimes, would be restored to virtue, by the hand of mercy, stretched out to his relief, instead of being deprived of life, for a crime, which perhaps few, would have been able, in the same circumstances, to withstand. Observe the following passage, in the year, 1662, when *Paris* was afflicted with a long and severe famine, *M. de Sallo*, returning from a summer's evening walk, with only a little foot-boy, was accosted by a man, who presented his pistol, and in a manner, far from the resoluteness of an hardened robber, asked him for his money. *M. de Sallo*, observing, that he came to the wrong man, and that he would get little from him, added, I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle, so much good may do you with them ; but, let me tell you, you are in a bad way. The man took them, and without asking him for more, walked off with an air of dejection and terror. The fellow was no sooner gone, than *M. de Sallo* ordered the boy to follow him ; to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed ; followed him through several obscure streets, and at length, saw him enter a baker's shop ; where he observed him change one of the pistoles, and buy a large brown loaf.

loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors further, and entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room, that had no other light but that it received from the moon ; and peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw it on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, There, eat your fill, that's the dearest loaf ever I bought ; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles ; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings, for sooner or later these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours. His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family ; and his wife having, at length, calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four starving children. The boy having thus happily performed his commission, returned home, and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. *M. de Sallo*, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning. The humane gentleman rose at the time appointed, and taking the boy with him, to shew him the way, enquired in the neighbourhood, the character of a man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children ; when he was told that he was a very industrious good kind of man ; that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman, but was overburthened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times. Satisfied with this account, *M. de Sallo* ascended to the shoemaker's garret, and knocking at the door, it was opened by the poor man himself, who, knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet, and implored his mercy, pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging that he would forgive his first crime. *M.*

de

de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. You have a good character among your neighbours, said he, but must expect that your life will soon be cut short, if you are so abandoned, as to continue your former villainy. Hold your hand; here are thirty pistoles to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of further temptations, to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry; I hear you are a neat workman, and you shall take measure of me and this boy for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them. The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement, and gratitude; and *M. de Sallo* departed, greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction, at having saved a man, and, perhaps, a family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and, perhaps, from eternal perdition. Never could a day be much better begun; the consciousness of having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to the mind of a reasonable being, must be attended with pleasure, and that self complacency and secret approbation, which is more desirable than gold, and all the pleasures of the earth.—
 O poverty! what is there in thee dreadful to the wise? temperance, health and frugality, walk in thy train, cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions; shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom *Cincinnatus* * was not ashamed, the running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature, man wants but little, nor that little long; come then, O poverty, while kings stand by and gaze with admiration, contentment and the philosopher, is ready to receive thee.—

Where

* *A famed senator of Rome.*

Where shall perplexed mortals fly to find
 True happiness, or constant peace of mind ;
 'Tis not annexed to blood or pedigree ;
 Gold, tho' ador'd, cries, 'tis not in me :
 Fame, honour, purchas'd by a sea of blood,
 Disclaims acquaintance with this sovereign good :
 Learning and knowledge, tho' they much can say,
 Yet to this bliss could never find the way :
 The nuptial state may boast—but, how it sighs ;
 And celibacy, claiming of it, lies.
 'Tis virtue's gift ; yet virtue's sons are try'd,
 Nor in a tranquil state can long abide :
 More they may share than others by retreat—
 Yet mental murmurs prove it incomplete ;
 The frequent tear betrays a want of rest,
 Man never is but always to be blest.
 He shall behold it, *Baalam* doth avow ;
 But yet not nigh—and feel it, but not now,
 Philosophers and bards, in every age,
 Mourn'd here a long disastrous pilgrimage ;
 Piqu'd at some loss, some fav'rite point deny'd,
 Rally'd at life, and for dismissal cry'd.
Moses, tho' stil'd, the meekest man on earth,
 Unless indulg'd, requested * instant death ;
 And *Job*, whose patience holy-writ displays ;
 In moving accents, beg'd to end his days :
 Oh ! that the almighty would attend my lore,
 And grant the boon I earnestly implore ;
 That he would cut me off ; recal my breath,
 And kindly lay me in the arms of death.
David, although a prophet and a king,
 Would often touch this melancholy string,
 To sooth his sorrows, and his zeal improve——
 Oh ! that I had the pinions of a dove,
 To hasten, and the coming storm elude,
 Whose low'ring aspect gives inquietude ;

To

* *Numbers* 11. 15.

To fly those scenes where numerous evils press,
 And gain a refuge in the wilderness.
Ellijah, who such matchless zeal had shown,
 And thought himself in virtue's cause alone,
 By *Jezebel* pursu'd, faint and dismay'd,
 Fled to a juniper's refreshing shade ;
 There pondering on his case, he bends the knee,
 And thus address'd th' all-gracious deity :
 Thy prophets slain, thy altars ruin'd lie——
 Enough, enough I have seen, Oh ! let me die ;
 A date more short thou didst my fathers give ;
 I am not better, nor would longer live.
 The ever-pensive *Jeremiah* cries,
 Oh ! that my head were waters, and mine eyes
 A spring of tears, incessantly to mourn,
Judea in exile never to return ;
 A stubborn race ! ungrateful to their God,
 Spurning alike his mercies and his rod.
 Oh ! bear me to the desert's thickest shade,
 And lodge me in a cave by pilgrims made,
 That I may never plead or see them more,
 But leave them to the vengeful hand of pow'r.
 In vain, I strive, nor tears nor prayers can save ;
 Oh ! that my mother's womb had been my grave.
Jonah wept o'er his gourd—*Nines* * might blaze,
 And in a passion for his exit prays.
 E'en the great *Paul*, so worthily extoll'd,
 Weary of life, desir'd to be dissolv'd.
 From these exalted characters, 'tis clear,
 No happiness on earth can be sincere :
 A glimpse, a drop, a taste, is all we have ;
 The full fruition lies beyond the grave.
 Let us, my friend, bear up, and do our best ;
 'This is a scene of combat, not of rest.
 Why do I hear thee sigh, and see thee wan,
 For incidents so natural to man.

Blind

* Nineveh, so called.

Blind to the future, rashly we conclude,
 Call good an evil, and an evil good :
 Unerring wisdom leads our system on ;
 Whether we sink or swim, his will be done !
 Remember man's a candidate for bliss ;
 A school of discipline and tryal this :
 Corrections must of consequence arise,
 To wean from earth and fit us for the skies.

Of sustaining Afflictions with Fortitude.

AS daily experience makes it evident, that misery and misfortunes are inseparably adherent or unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight, neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity, the philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, to persuade us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances, such advantages as are sufficient to over-balance all its inconveniences. By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate perturbations, we preserve that strength for better purposes, which would be unprofitably wasted in the efforts of desperation, and maintain that circumspection which may enable us to seize every support, and improve every alleviation. This calmness and resignation will be more easily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled, unabated evil, and diverted to those accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every state. *Seneca* has attempted not only

to pacify us in misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind. He that never was acquainted with adversity, says he, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature. If therefore it can be proved that adversity is necessary, to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides us from so large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor, will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss. It is certain, that however the rhetoric of *Seneca* may have dressed adversity with extrinsic ornaments, he has justly represented it as affording some opportunities of observation, which cannot easily be found in continual felicity; he has truly asserted, that to escape misfortune, is to want instruction, and that to live at ease, is to live in ignorance. As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune, for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels, will be sufficient to disturb and harass him, if he does not know how much evil he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are heightened by its shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perfection, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state of labour heightens into delight, is without it only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of diversified amusements. Prosperity, as is truly asserted by *Seneca*, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a
just

Just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. He that traverses the lists, without an adversary, may receive, says the philosopher, the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour. If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conscience, he, whose courage, has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over him that has slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time, can entertain him with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.—A man is really and truly happy, when every part and faculty both of his body and mind, is in good health, *viz.* when they discharge their proper offices, according to nature, as when the eye sees well, the ear hears well, and the taste tastes well. But chiefly and especially, when the superior and more noble faculties, are in good order, *viz.* when the understanding discerns and distinguishes clearly, betwixt truth and falshood, good and evil; and the will and affections choose and effect, according to a clear and right understanding.

Of Power and Superiority.

POWER and superiority are so flattering and delightful, that fraught with temptation, and exposed to danger, as they are, scarcely any virtue

is so cautious, or any prudence so timorous, as to decline them. Even those that have most reverence for the laws of right, are pleased with shewing, that not fear, but choice, regulates their behaviour, and would be thought to comply, rather than obey. We love to overlook the boundaries which we do not wish to pass, and as the satyrist remarks, he that has no design to take the life of another, is yet glad to have it in his hands. From the same principle, tending yet more to degeneracy and corruption, proceeds the desire of investing lawful authority with terror, and governing by force rather than by persuasion. Pride is unwilling to believe the necessity of assigning any other reason than her own will, and would rather maintain the most equitable claims, by violence and penalties, than descend from the dignity of command to disputes and expostulations — A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended hours and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that cheerfulness which disincumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This ease and frankness is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them: and inferiors, from whom we can receive no other advantage, will always keep our affections while they give us pleasure. Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war and palaces of pleasure; we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks, with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, because we cannot think of defence, without thinking likewise of danger; but range de-
lighted

lighted through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.— Personal merit is all a man can call his own. Whoever strictly adheres to honesty and truth, and leads a regular and virtuous life, is more truly noble, than a debauched, abandoned profligate, were he descended from the most illustrious family.

*Of our mutual Dependence on each other,
to augment our happiness, &c.*

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support; and not only the necessity of joint efforts, for the execution of any great or extensive design, but the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demands an interchange of help, and communication of enjoyments, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence, unites mankind in society and friendship. If it can be imagined that there ever was a time, when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, it is reasonable to believe, that every man was then loved in proportion, as he could contribute, by his strength or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; that there was little room for peevish dislike, or capricious favour; that the affection then admitted into the heart, was rather esteem than tenderness; and that kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune,

tune, distinction, and superiority, were introduced and established, and many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, they whose possessions swelled above their wants, naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and they who could no longer be employed in essential affairs, nor purchase friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by new gratifications, and to create wants, which they might be courted to supply. The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their enjoyments, and the capacity of real or imaginary possession, so much too large to be filled up, that no power of bestowing can satisfy expectation, and every distant appearance of advantage, must excite struggles and competitions. That which can be obtained only by one, will be desired by multitudes, while there are multitudes unsatisfied with their allotment; and he who cannot hope to succeed by real services, and either finds no room for the exertion of higher qualities, or perceive himself excelled by his rivals, will have recourse to other expedients, endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the art of pleasing among the most useful studies and valuable attainments. This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its use, and will always flourish most, where it is most rewarded; for this reason, we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all, therefore, endeavour to propitiate, and who soon become so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find, in the most delicate address, that novelty which is so necessary to procure attention. It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with another who does not increase, in some respect,

pect, his fondness of himself; and therefore, he that endeavours rather to be led forward by prosperity, by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must rather consider how to display his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness, by a perpetual succession of delightful images. This may, indeed, sometimes be affected, by turning the attention upon advantages, which are really possessed, and upon prospects which reason spreads before hope; for, whoever can increase the happiness of others, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with satisfaction, and of which he will seldom be displeased that he is recalled to the contemplation. But those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions; and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to secure them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falshood. He that is too desirous to be loved will soon learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topics of panegyric, and break out in raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself. The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He, that will obstinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compass of music. The greatest human virtues bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others

should still think us better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen, we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and therefore, eagerly snatch at every confirmation. It may, indeed, be proper to make the first approaches under the conduct of truth, and to secure credit to future encomiums, by such praise as may be ratified by the conscience; but the mind once habituated to the lusciousness of flattery, becomes in a short time nice, and like a vitiated palate is incessantly calling for higher gratifications. It is scarcely credible, how far discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and understanding infatuated, by the intoxication of flattery, or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falshood. No man can, indeed, observe without indignation, on what names, both of antient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have wanted the celebrations which they were willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers thro' all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist. As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastic veneration which pride has refused. The Emperors of *Rome*, suffered them-

themselves to be worshipped in their lives, with temples and altars ; and in an age, more enlightened the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the supreme Being, have been applied to wretches, whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men, and whom, nothing but riches or power, hindered those that read or wrote their dedication, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature. There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay ; to have committed, against conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinction between good and evil ; and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, to have incited her progress, and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt ; every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims and his conduct ; whom, the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices and all his absurdities ; and who easily persuade themselves to esteem him, by whose regard, they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted. It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness, stupidity is soon blinded by the splendor of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependence. To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise ; and few can be praised without falsehood ; few can be assiduous without servility and none can be servile without corruption.

Of Friendship.

FRRIENDSHIP has been wisely considered as the “great softener of human anxiety;” were it not for the exhilarating quality of this balm, we might labour under the pressure of ills which every day produces without much mitigation or decrease, and with a small portion of the profit and experience that it is possible to reap from such occurrences, when our feeble intellects are assisted with the council of another, who is not agitated by the same unfavourable circumstances. For notwithstanding the christian religion abundantly inculcates the duty and advantage of patiently enduring the mortifications of life, they are so opposite to the prevailing passions of man, that even the strictest adherers to the gospel and its injunctions, are, at times, inclined to lament the disturbance of accidental evils.

Every individual, who is insensible to the spotless recreation of rational converse, and conceives no relish for the soothing endearments of friendship, must be entirely unacquainted with the highest privilege of mankind; he may boast of felicity in one favourite diversion, and pretend to be transported with the pleasures of his own amusements, but his taste is obviously inferior to that of prudent beings, who profess an ardour for the benefit of society; their desires after such comfort are derived from the source of everlasting unity, and tend to conform the mind to truth and rectitude.

But, though we are thus capable to brighten the gloom of time, and to view our pensive situation, enlivened by the cheering presence of a beloved companion, it is not advisable to have our affecti-

ons

ons entirely abforbed in any terreftrial poffeffion ; no fublunary inheritance is permanent, even friendfhip, that effectual cementer of the heart, and facred union of fouls, wherewith heaven faw meet to blefs us, in order to qualify us for a more exalted participation of happinefs hereafter, as well as to fweeten the bitter draughts of perplexity, and bear our fpirits through the various conflicts of this probationary ftate, is not exempt from annoyance ; death with his mercilefs fpear has deftroyed the greateft instances of mutual tranquillity, and continues to blaft the expectation of numbers, who probably had long indulged the flattering hopes of future ferenity.

Of the Advantages of Thinking.

MAN being the only creature here below defign'd for a fociable life, has two faculties to diftinguifh him from other creatures, thinking and fpeaking. The one to fit him for the fociety of others ; and the other, to qualify him alfo for his own. As to the latter of thefe faculties, there's no fear of it's gathering ruft for want of ufe. We are rather apt to fpeak too much ; and the moft referved have reafon to pray with the Pfalmift, ' fet a watch O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips'. But the former, is that which generally lies neglected ; as may be guefs'd from the intemperate ufe of the other. There are too few, that are capable of thinking to any great purpofe, but among thofe that are, there are few that employ rightly this excellent talent. For either they live a popular life ; and then what for bufinefs, pleafures, company, vifits, with many other impertinencies, there is fcarce room for a morning

reflection. Or else, they live retired, and then either they doze away their time in drowsiness and dull studies, and scarce entertain their solitude, with one useful meditation once in a month. But 'tis for want of thinking properly that they can allow themselves in doing so. For by doing this, they would soon discover, that of all the methods of improvement that can be used, there is none so advantageous as thinking; either for our intellectuals or our morals; to make us wiser, or to make us better, and first, for our intellectuals. 'Tis the perfection of our rational part to know; that is, to be able to frame clear and distinct conceptions, to form right judgments, and to draw true consequences from one thing to another. Now besides that the powers of the mind are made more bright, vigorous and active by use, as all other faculties are; there is this further advantage, that by habitual thinking the object is made more familiar to the understanding, the habitudes and relations of ideas one towards another, by frequent comparing, become more visible and apparent; and consequently 'tis more easy to divide what ought to be divided, and to compound what ought to be compounded; wherein consists the sum of all truth. Reading is indeed very excellent and useful to this purpose; but thinking is certainly the most necessary. This may do without the other, as appears in the first inventors of arts and sciences; who were fain to think out their way to the recesses of truth; but the other can never do, without this. Reading without thinking, cannot be profitable, and will never make a rich head; it may, indeed, bring in a great store of matter, but 'tis yet without form and void, till we improve by thinking, like the seminal spirit, agitates the dead shapeless lump, and works it up into figure and simmetry. But the great advantage of thinking is this, that it improves
our

our morals as well as our intellectuals ; and serves to make us better, as well as wiser. He that doth habitually know, and actually attends his duty, and to all engagements for its performance : He has those considerations almost always present with him which to others are the principles of repentance ; and this keeps him in his duty, and makes him live like those righteous persons of whom our Saviour says, ' that they need no repentance.'

Of Tutors, and the great advantages arising to their pupils, by an industrious care in their Education.

ALL skilful and diligent tutors, who make the instruction of their scholars both their duty and delight, have three principal objects in their view in the due discharge of their important trust. Their first concern is, to cultivate their minds with all those aids of learning, whereof their years are capable. From whence they proceed to rectify and form their hearts by the principles of honour and honesty. And for the completion of their work, they use their utmost endeavours to establish them in the principals of their most holy religion. In order to entertain a suitable idea of the great advantages, which arise from the habituating of youth to the study of such arts and sciences as are suitable to their years, we need only reflect on the vast distinction which learning makes, not only between one man and another, but between two different kingdoms. Tho' the *Athenians* possessed but a small territory in *Greece*, yet by carrying the liberal arts and sciences to perfection ; they compleated their own Glory, *Rome* which had made herself mistress

mistress of the World by her conquests, became the
 object of it's wonder and imitation by the improve-
 ments that she made in almost every art. *Africa*
 on the other hand, thro' her neglect of literature is
 grown very unfruitful and even fallen into that
 barbarity, of which it bears the name. The re-
 verse has happened among the northern nations,
 they were long looked upon as rude and barbarous,
 as soon, however, as learning was introduced a-
 mong them, they sent abroad proficients in all
 arts and sciences, who have equalled at least, if not
 surpassed, what other nations have ever produced.
 As the arts and sciences gain ground in any nation
 whatsoever, the inhabitants thereof are in propor-
 tion transformed into new creatures: from whence
 it may be justly concluded, that the minds of men
 are near upon a level in all parts of the world:
 that all the differences between one and another, is
 principally, if not altogether owing to a liberal edu-
 cation; that according to the neglect, or cultivati-
 on of the Sciences, whole nations rise or fall; and
 that their future prosperity or declension, in a great
 measure depends upon them. However without
 having farther recourse to history, let us take a
 transient view of what, for the generality, occurs
 in the course of nature. From whence we may
 discern what a wide difference a little art and in-
 dustry will make between two tracts of land of
 equal value. The one, if uncultivated, remains
 wild, and is over-run with weeds? the other under
 the care of a skilful gardiner, is richly laden with
 fruits of all kinds, and of the most delicious flavour,
 is embellish'd with a vast variety of party-coloured
 flowers; contracts within a few acres whatever
 is most curious, most proper for the nourishment
 and support of the owner, and most entertaining to
 his eye; becomes, in short, a most pleasing epitome
 of all that is most valuable in the different seasons of
 the

the year, and in the remotest countries. And thus it is with the mind, which ever repays the care, which we take in the cultivation of it with the utmost gratitude and profusion. That is the soil, which every one, who is conscious of his high descent, and for what worthy purposes he was created, is under an indispensable obligation to improve to the best advantage; a soil both rich and fertile, capable of the noblest productions, and alone worthy of all our care. The mind is actually refreshed and invigorated by those sublime truths, with which she is supplied by the help of study. It gradually increases and grows up, as it were, with those great men, whose operations are the objects of its attention. It strives by a laudable emulation, to attain to their honour and fame, and has just grounds to expect it from that success which they have met with, unmindful of its own frailty, it makes glorious attempts to rise with them above its usual pitch: being but poorly provided of itself, and contracted within a narrow compass, it has too often but small scope of invention, and its powers are with ease exhausted. Study, however, compensates for all its imperfections; and supplies its various necessities from abroad. It opens the understanding by foreign aid, extends its views, enlarges its ideas, and renders them more lively, and distinct. By study, we are taught to consider truth in a variety of lights, to discern the copiousness of principals, and draw the remotest conclusions from them. At our first entrance into the world we are overwhelmed with a cloud of ignorance, which is very much augmented by the false prejudices and prepossessions of a bad education. By study, however, the former is dispersed, and the latter corrected. It gives rectitude and exactness to our thoughts, and strength and vigour to
our

our reason. It aids and assists in the regular and just arrangement of whatever we propose to write or speak, and presents the brightest sages of antiquity to our view, as the noblest patterns for our imitation. By setting their judgment before us in a fair and advantageous light, we walk with safety under their friendly guidance and direction. Was this study of no other use, than that of acquiring a habit of labour, the attaining a firmness of mind, and subducing our aversions to such things as seem to give a check to the natural bent of our inclinations, it would, notwithstanding, prove a concern of the last importance. In effect it draws us off from indolence and inactivity, from a corrupt taste for gaming, from too violent pursuit of the diversions in fashion, and in short, from a too partial indulgence of our inordinate appetites and affections; it fills up to advantage, all our vacant hours, and renders that leisure highly agreeable, which, without the aid of study, is a kind of death, and the grave, if I may be indulged the expression, of a man alive. The next grand article in the instruction of youth, is the forming their manners. — Were there no nobler views in instruction, than the improvement of youth in learning, were it to aim only at the enlargement of their ideas, without a due regard to the forming of their hearts; it would not answer what might be justly expected from it, or conduct us to one of the principal ends for which we were created: Man is a sociable creature, and not made for himself alone. Providence has allotted him a proper sphere to move in; he is the member of a community, the advantages whereof he ought as much as in his power, to promote. However, among the variety of employments, which distinguish one man from another, all publick posts of trust require the most shining talents, and a more than common share of wisdom and good conduct.

Now

Now it is virtue alone, that qualifies a man for the due discharge of any such important offices. It is the good intention of the heart, that distinguishes him from the generality of mankind, and renders him a proper instrument for the promotion of social happiness. It is virtue, that gives him a true taste for glory that inspires him with zeal for his country, and with proper motives to serve it to the utmost of his power : it is virtue, that prompts him to think nothing truly valuable but sincerity and justice : nothing agreeable, but a conscience void of offence towards God and man ; and nothing odious or shameful, but what is vicious. The end of all study, therefore, is to make men virtuous. The end of instruction, in the opinion of *Plato*, was to reform the manners of youth ; and whoever departed from that great principle, did by no means deserve the approbation of the publick. We may with ease apply this principle to the study of literature, and all the liberal arts. The use that ought to be made of them is, to inspire young persons, by a proper application of the maxims, examples, and remarkable events, which are transmitted to us in the writings of the most approved authors, with the love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. Youth stand in need of a faithful and constant monitor, and an advocate to plead with them in the cause of truth ; integrity, and right reason. But who shall this monitor be ; shall their tutors form set lessons for their improvement in this particular, by no means. Children take the alarm at the very name of lessons, are on their guard, and turn a deaf ear to all such admonitions. In order, therefore, to preserve them from the contagion of the present degenerate age, they must be carried back into distant countries, as well as times, and the opinions and examples of the great men of antiquity must be opposed to the false maxims, and
bad

bad examples, by which the greater part of mankind are led astray. Youth will attend with pleasure to such lectures, as are recommended to them by a *Scipio*, or a *Cyrus*: and such instructions, concealed under the pleasing mask of stories, will make a deeper impression on their minds, as they appear artless, and seem to be laid before them without design. By the great examples, and amiable characters, which are to be met with in history, our youth are taught to have an early sense of what is excellent, to have a taste for virtue, and to fix their attention on real merit. From thence they learn to form a judgment on mankind, to conquer popular prejudices, and to look upon a real service done to a friend in distress, preferable to the conquest of an enemy in the field of battle. Nothing is more apt to inspire sentiments of virtue, and create a detestation of vice, than the conversation of men of merit. And this advantage is principally to be drawn from the perusal of the best authors. It forms a kind of relation betwixt us and the greatest men among the ancients. We converse with them; we live with them, we hear their discourses; and are witnesses of their actions. When a tutor has gone thus far, and has instilled the principals of honour and honesty into the hearts of his pupils, he is to take one step farther, and to use his utmost endeavours to confirm them in the principles of their most holy Religion. This is the most important and essential point, and should be the chief end of all their instructions. Tho' religion should not be always in their mouths, yet it should be ever in their minds, and never out of sight. There are a thousand passages to be met with in the writings of the pagans themselves, which furnish a judicious tutor with such reflections, as are proper to give youth an adequate idea of the sanctity, and the superior excellence of the christian religion to any

any other. And such passages ought frequently to be thrown in the childrens way ; as instruction, by examples, is more effectual and perswasive than by precepts. In short, reason, after having graced the understanding of a scholar with the knowledge of all human sciences, and strengthened his heart with all the moral virtues, must at length resign him into the hands of religion, that he may learn from thence how to make right use of all that has been taught him, and be consecrated for eternity. Reason should inform him, that without instructions of this new master, all his labour would prove but a vain amusement. Reason, in fine, should suggest to him, that it is his greatest happiness, and most indispensable duty, to make all his other acquisitions and talents, subservient to his Religion.

Advice to the children of great Men.

IF when you come to men's estate,
 You think the good alone are great,
 If virtue, and good sense you prize,
 And vice and ignorance despise,
 Not only prize but cherish arts,
 And patronize the men of parts,
 If inconstant fortune shew you
 To treat those well who are below you,
 If no ill collected hoard
 Do crown your hospitable Board ;
 If no duns besiege your gate,
 If you're honest as you're great
 If all your inclinations tend,
 To oblige, and to befriend ;
 If you're bounteous, courteous, kind
 To the poor, and labouring, hind ;

IF

If you ease the widows cares,
 Nor are above your own affairs;
 If you assert your country's cause,
 Your King, Religion, and the laws,
 If when applause is given to you,
 You do not take it as your due,
 But as a motive to inspire
 Those virtues which you should acquire:
 Since life is fleeting as a dream,
 If you can pass it by this scheme;
 From Death's cold sleep you cannot miss
 To rise to everlasting bliss. —

God has implanted, in the mind, of every one, the seeds and principles of virtue, which need only due culture to make them take deep root,—to spring up and flourish in the soul, and ripen into all those fruits of action, which are ornamental as well as beneficial to human nature. We ought therefore not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by cultivating our minds, and preparing each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected within the course of this life; for, if we suffer our minds to lie neglected, they will soon be over-run with vicious habits, as uncultivated lands run wild into weeds and thistles. Virtue, says a great author, is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education;—all other considerations and accomplishments should give way and be postponed to this. This is the solid and substantial good, which parents and tutors should not only read lectures, and talk of, but the labour and art of education should furnish the mind with, and fasten there and never cease, till the youth has a true relish for it, and places his strength, glory, and his pleasure in it. Be it then the care of education to infuse early notions of virtue and honour into the untainted youth

youth, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy ends.—As soon as children begin to talk, they should have about them some discreet person, who should take care to fashion them aright, and keep them from the infection of bad company, which never fails to corrupt their innocence.—A person well bred, and who understands the measures of civility and ways of carriage; and is so well acquainted with the follies, humours, and vices of the age in which he lives, that he may be able to shew them to his pupil, as he finds him capable;—to teach him skill in men and their manners;—to pull off the mask, which their several callings and pretences cover them with, and to make his pupil discern what lies at the bottom under such appearances, that he may not, as unexperienced young men are apt to do, judge by the outside, and give himself up to shew, and the insinuation of a fair carriage, or an obliging condescension:—The parent, that lays out his money in the choice of such a tutor, makes a better purchase for him, than if he had laid out the money for an addition of lands, houses, &c. to his former estate. Every kind of wit has a particular science correspondiag to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent, and as there is in every mind a certain bias towards knowledge, which may be strengthened and improved by proper application, so it often happens, that this natural propensity is injured, if not quite defaced, by some improper method of education; for great care should be taken to discover the natural talents of a youth, and then, not to force, but to help the birth of his favourite science, and to bring his own thoughts to light. Yet how different from this method is the manner of education that prevails amongst us. How many mothers, if their sons are born to a considerable estate, take so much care of their health

health, that they make them good for nothing. They soon find reading is bad for their eyes, and that writing makes their head ach; and as soon as they are able to ride on horse-back, or carry a gun they let their children loose among the woods.— A sort of education by which the squire may get a good stock of health, but nothing else that is good; and if it were a man's business only to live, there could not be a more accomplished person than such a one, in all the country round about him. The same foolish thoughts prevailing in those who have the care of their education, furnish us with innumerable instances of young heirs, and elder brothers, who are of no manner of use, but to keep up their families, and to transmit their lands and houses in a line to the next generation.— On the the contrary, when a youth, on examination, does not seem inclined to learning; let him immediately be put to some mechanick way of life without regard to his birth, if nature and a plentiful fortune have not designed him for something higher.— The loss which the commonwealth suffers by the wrong education of its youth, is like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring; as it, in a manner, starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons, who with due care, might have made an eminent figure in their respective stations in Church and state. It would be a great blessing, had we a set of teachers, polite in their behaviour and method of teaching, who should be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those who are put under their tuition, for then we might possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which they now abhor.

The

The Progress of Learning.

BY nature savage, till instructive art
 Fashions his mind and cultivates his heart,
 'Thro' vice and error the impetuous youth
 Roams uncontroll'd, and shuns the paths of
 truth;

Unruly appetites his virtues sway,
 His will commands and passions lead the way;
 But when the schools have lent their social aid,
 And from his brain dispell'd the native shade,
 His tender front the dawning genius rears,
 And shining virtue in her bloom appears.
 So on his furrow stands the labouring swain,
 And to the glebe commits the pregnant grain;
 Lodg'd in the earth an embryo harvest lies,
 'Till the sun's genial influence bids it rise;
 Then joyous he surveys his fruitful ground,
 With plenteous crops, and golden honours crown'd,
 'The child as soon as he can lisp his name,
 Is straight committed to the careful Dame:
 'Till by revolving years his mind is wrought
 To deeper knowledge, and maturer thought:
 She to his hand the letter'd horn applies,
 And with her fescue guides his wand'ring eyes.
 The youth, whose breast the warlike god in-
 spires,

And with a generous thirst of glory fires,
 Within the lists a bloodless combat wage
 With seeming hatred, and dissembled rage;
 Undaunted, when his country calls to fight,
 Shall crown her battles, and defend her right.
 Some follow nature in her gloomy maze,
 And trace the goddess thro' unbeaten ways:
 A studious race! whose boundless prospects rise,
 High o'er the clouds, and pierce the inmost skies;
 They

They measure earth thro' all her distant lands,
 They tell the stars and count the yellow sands,
 Here, in throng'd schools, the stern grammarian
 teach

The beauties and proprieties of speech;
 To love of arts they mould unpractis'd youth,
 And form their tender minds to spotless truth,
 Here too the charming unexperienc'd fair
 To the frequented dancing school repair;
 Each shining nymph improves her pretty face,
 With winning features, and becoming grace;
 To the shrill hautboy and the fiddles sound,
 They swift alternate feet, and press the ground.
 Here that nice art the studious pupils try
 Of painting words, and speaking to the eye;
 Which in their various shapes of figures wrought,
 Give colour and a body to a thought.
 Thrice happy mortal! on whose earthly breast,
 The likeness of his maker is impress'd!
 Thrice happy mortal! whose enlightened mind
 To useful arts and wisdom is inclin'd,
 Thro' tedious schools we hunt the lovely maid,
 And by the prize confess our toils o'er-paid;
 Of things the secret causes we explore,
 From whence the sun recruits his golden store,
 What period bounds each rowling orb of light,
 Where new-fledg'd whirlwinds try their noisy
 flight;
 Where tempests sleep, and infant thunder springs,
 Why nimble lightning mounts on golden wings;
 What binds the water in an icy chain,
 And from what source proceeds the pearly rain:
 The soul forgets her gross restraint of clay,
 And, eager after knowledge, wings her way.—

Study opens and forms the mind, it causes habits
 to be contracted that are of the utmost advantage to
 the mental faculties: it accustoms us to attention
 and

and reflection; it furnishes the means of distinguishing truth from falsehood; of fixing the degrees of probability: of arriving at discoveries: of augmenting that treasure of knowledge, which is as glorious, as it is useful to the human race. Indeed all kinds of study are not attended with such extraordinary advantages; nor are the learned themselves, even of the first rank, always distinguished by their wisdom and virtue: for there are frequently more faults observable in their conduct, than can be discovered in their writings, the passions which rule them, and their pride engages them in disputes and quarrels; but this is not the means of obtaining happiness, and of preparing for an agreeable old age. There are those of the learned, who esteem the sciences only because they assist them in becoming better and discovering at the same glance the beauties of truth and virtue, find the contemplation of them more delightful, in proportion as the end of life approaches: because they are convinced that this anticipated knowledge will at the hour of death give place to the perfect knowledge and entire enjoyment of truth and virtue.

Poem on Science.

SCIENCE, thou fair, effusive ray,
 From the great source of mental day,
 Free, gen'rous and refin'd:
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
 And bless my labouring mind.

Oh! let thy powerful charms impart
 The patient head, the candid heart,

VOL. VI.

C

Devoted

Devoted to thy sway ;
Which no false passions e'er misled,
Which still the dauntless paths doth tread,
Where reason points the way.

Give me to know each secret cause ;
Let numbers, motions, figures, laws,
Reveal'd before me stand :
These to great natures scenes apply,
And round the globe, and thro' the sky,
Disclose her working hand.

Next to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy restless human 'mind,
Thro' eve'ry maze pursue :
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view ;

Her secret stores let mem'ry tell ;
Bid fancy quit the fairy cell,
In all her colours drest,
While prompts her sallies to controul,
Reason the judge, recalls the foul,
To truth's severest test.

Say, from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
To range beyond controul ;
To seek eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole.

Then launch thro' beings vast extent,
Let the fair scale with just attent,
And cautious steps be trod :
And from the dead corporeal mass,
Thro' each progressive order pass,
To instinct, reason, God.

There

There science veil thy daring eye,
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high
 In that divine abyfs :
 Content to faith thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriend,
 And light her way to blifs.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
 Mix with the policies of men,
 And nature's social ties ;
 The plan, the genius of each state,
 Its interelt, and its powers relate,
 Its fortunes, and its rise.

Thro' private life pursue thy course,
 Trace every action, and its source,
 And means and motions weigh :
 Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
 See what degrees of each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful sway.

The last best effort of thy skill,
 To form the life, to rule the will,
 Propitious powers impart ;
 Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
 Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar breath ;
 Pursuit of fortune ; fear of death ;
 And all in life that's mean ;
 Still true to reason be thy plan,
 Still let my actions speak the man,
 In every various scene.

Hail, queen of manners ! light of truth !
 Hail, charm of age, and guide of youth,

Sweet refuge in distress !
In business thou exact polite ;
Thou giv'st retirement its delight ;
Prosperity its grace.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause,
Foundress of order, cities, laws !
Of arts, inventress thou !
Without thee, what were human kind ;
Their wants how vast ; their thoughts how blind ;
Their joys how mean, how few.

Son of the soul ! thy beams unveil ;
Let others spread the daring sail,
On fortune's faithless sea :
While undeluded, happier I,
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with thee.

Thrice happy few ! that wisely here attend,
The voice of science, and her cause befriend ;
Let others, heedless of their youthful prime,
Squander on empty joys their fleeting time ;
'Tis yours, with reason's searching eye to view
Great nature's laws, and trace her winding clew.

Behold her book, the instructive page expand,
Fill'd with the wonders of her maker's hand,
In awful characters which clearly shine,
Worthy of wisdom, and of power divine,
Peruse God's ways, his perfect workings trace ;
In nature's mirror shines his heavenly face.

Lord

Lord L—— to his Nephew upon his entering into Holy Orders.

WHEN I look upon the date of your last letter, I must own myself blameable for not having sooner returned you my thanks for it.

I approve very well of your resolution of dedicating yourself to the service of God: you could not choose a better master, provided you have sufficiently searched your heart, as to be persuaded you can serve him well; in so doing, you may secure to yourself many blessings in this world, as well as a sure expectation in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourself from, which is flattery: you have bestowed so much of that upon me in your letter, that I hope you have no more left; and that you meant it only to take your leave of such flights of fancy, which, however well meant, oftener put a man out of countenance, than oblige him.

You are now become a searcher after truth: I shall hereafter take it more friendly to be justly reprov'd by you, than to be undeservedly complimented.

I would not have you understand me as if I recommended to you a sour Puritanic severity: that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like Physic, should be so sweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt against it.

Be always sincere; but at the same time always polite: be humble without descending from your character: reprove and correct, without offending good manners: to be a cynic is as bad as to be a sycophant: you are not to lay aside the gentleman

with your sword, nor put on the gown to hide your birth and good breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the world from the beginning, that pride, avarice, and ambition, have been charged upon the priesthood in all ages, in all countries, and in all religions: what they are most obliged to combat against in their pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging in their conduct. It behoves you therefore to be more on your guard in this, than in any other profession. Let your example confirm your doctrine, and let no man ever have it in his power to reproach you with acting contrary to what you speak.

You had an uncle, Dean of *Durham*, whose memory I shall ever revere: make him your example. Sanctity sat so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very beauty of holiness: he was as chearful, as familiar, and condescending in his conversation, as he was strict, regular, and exemplary for his piety; as well-bred and accomplished as a courtier, as reverend and venerable as an apostle: he was indeed in every thing apostolical; for he abandoned all to follow his Lord and Master.

May you resemble him! may he revive in you! may his spirit descend on you as *Elijah's* upon *Elisba*! and may the great God of Heaven, in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious resolutions, pour down his best and choicest blessings on you.

You shall ever find me, dear nephew, your most affectionate uncle, and sincere friend, &c.

*A Poem on the first Arrival of his Majesty
King George the first into England.*

NOW night retires, and, glorious breaks the
day,
That cheers mankind with an auspicious ray ;
When mighty *Brunswick* laid his strict commands,
To man the ships, and leave the *Belgian* strands.
In their own element they graceful ride,
Britania's safety, and her chieftest pride :
The harden'd oaks, the product of her soil,
Thus gloriously reward the labourer's toil ;
The greatest good, Heav'n e'er did grant, they
bring,
To waiting *Briton's* their expected King :
Blest be the hills, whose fruitful glebes produce
Trees, only fit for such a glorious use.
The od'rous cedar, and the lofty pine,
And the moist fir, whose balm is turpentine,
Are only us'd for some less great design :
Yet they, by wisest *Salomon* were held,
The fittest trees the house of God to build.
But *Albion*, in those days an isle unknown,
Has later ages, her rich product shewn :
By which her power o'er all the globe does stretch.
That ev'n her ships scarce bound th' extended
reach.
And the thick people warm the dark'ned shore ;
And a propitious voyage all implore :
Whilst great *Augustus*, with his *British* train,
Trusts all our hopes to the uncertain main.
Loud shouts of acclamations rend the skies,
The grateful tokens of the people's joys.
Now, with full sails, the ships begin to sweep
The azure plain, and cleave the yielding deep :

So smooth and calm the sea, the sky so clear,
As when the fisher's ship it's Saviour Lord did
bear.

Waft him, ye winds, and tides, securely o'er,
Waft him, but waft him soon to *Albion's* shore.
Let no false gale aside his vessel turn :
And, by ill fated chance, make *Albion* mourn :
But see our great defender safely land,
And crouding round him thankful *Britons* stand ;
With heightened joy they shout ; and, with amaze,
In awful distance, at his person gaze :
Where every virtue in such light appears,
As speaks the sacred image that he bears.
On his left hand the prince does move along,
Sedate, yet sprightly ; beautiful, yet strong.
Third *Edward's* son we see in him revive ;
And view the Black-prince, once again, alive.
May like success still sparkle on his sword,
To conquer Rebels, and confess its Lord ;
To raise new subjects for the poet's song ;
Trophies in joyful *Britain's* temple hung,
Wreath'd round with laurel, ever green, and
young.

Paint him, ye poets, in immortal strains :
His virtues will excite your utmost pains,
For learned pens I leave the great design,
Those who could sing great *William* on the
Boyne,
May find a subject here, which can ev'n that out-
shine.

Henceforth, the bard shall never rack his brain,
And from old stories for examples strain ;
To paint a future hero in his verse,
Thy virtues, Prince, he only needs rehearse ;
That copious subject will his pen employ ;
And repetitions, there, will never cloy.
But now the wished-for lovely morning gilds
The stately palace, and the verdant fields :

From

From every quarter of the town repair,
 To see, and to be seen, the well drest fair,
 Each throng'd balcony various lustre rays,
 And fills the streets with one continued blaze :
 With blushing light, behold the chearing Sun,
 Asham'd to find his brightness so outdone.
 Now, could I sing the grandeur of the day,
 And all the different scenes of joy display ;
 'Twould more than fully recompence my pains,
 And add a brightness to my languid strains.
 But stop, my muse, the flight too high I see :
 Thou ne'er pretences mad'st to extasy,
 Enough, if humble, thou canst rightly sing
 The joyful passage of the glorious King ;
 Which does all other triumphs far outshine,
 As *Virgil's* heavenly strains compar'd with thine.
 Now may the hinds securely plough the field ;
 And reap the bounteous harvest, which they yield :
 No danger, but from winds and clouds may fear,
 To spoil the wholesome fruits, and taint the year.
 Whilst loaded ships may plough the boist'rous
 main,
 And well reward the merchant's toilsome pain :
 His right secur'd, will still advance his gain.
 Each heart unites, and vain dissensions cease ;
 And faction shall no more disturb our peace.

Next to your duty to God, be loyal to your
 King : never sell honour to purchase treason. A
 secure and happy subjection is more to be esteemed
 than a dangerous factious liberty. As obedience
 in Subjects is the Prince's strength, so is the same
 their own safety : therefore they that weaken the
 sovereign power, weaken their own security. Sub-
 mission to your Prince is your duty, and confidence
 in his goodness will be your prudence. Whatsoe-
 ver a prince doth, it's to be presumed it was done
 with great reason : if he commands any thing, it
 C 5 should.

should be believed he hath good reason to command the same: his actions are manifest, but his thoughts are secret: it is our duty to tolerate the one, and not to murmur at the other: for the books of Kings are written in dark characters; which few can uncypher; and their actions, like deep rivers, whereof we see the course of the stream, but know not the bottom of it. The commands of Princes is not to be disputed, but obeyed; examine not what is commanded, but observe it, because it is commanded. Let no pretence of conscience render you disobedient to his commands; for obedience to your Prince is part of your duty towards God. Read *Romans*, chap. xiii. 1 *Peter*, chap. ii. 13, 14, 17.

See *Britain's* King upon his awful throne,
Striving to make each subject's heart his own;
By justice ruling but with mercy mix'd;
Supporting worship as by law 'tis fix'd;
While Lords and Commons all as one agree,
To settle firm his crown and dignity.

On the Death of King George the second.

WHAT direful woe hangs o'er the land,
Is the Almighty's wrath at hand;
Or the last dreadful day,
Appall'd appears th' amazed throng,
Pale melancholy stalks along,
And power scarce left to pray.

At length sad whispers murmuring tell,
Great *George* is dead. O! woful knell,

As ever yet did ring.
 But tho' to Heaven his spirit's flown,
 Still may it guard the *British* throne,
 An Angel as a King.—

Replete with glory, and extent of days,
 What can be added more to *George's* praise;
 Already earth thro' its remotest bounds,
 In one full chorus of his fame resounds;
 Yet rumour, not content, must have her share,
 And bids the Angels too, their harps prepare.

These last six lines were spoken extempore,
 on the report of the death of King *George* the second.

*A Poem on the Coronation of his Majesty
 King George the third, which was Sep.
 22, 1761. His Accession to the Throne
 was Oct. 25, 1760.*

I.

BRITANNIA's sons might well triumphant
 sing,

Her annals from this date shall stronger shine,
 In harmony to crown a Queen and King,
 As sons of *Judah* once their prince did join;
 Much more solemnity and joy
 Do free-born *Britons* now employ:
 In-servency of mind and emulation,
 Attending to their glorious coronation.

II. New

II.

New pomp and splendor hail the welcome day,
 Magnificence with dignity is found ;
 Excelling pair ; each *British* heart will say,
 Such virtues spread their influence around ;
 Expelling pride and venal tools,
 Oeconomy, truth, justice rules :
 Each trust's discharg'd with conscious approbation,
 The happy fruits of this day's coronation.

III.

Hence *Belial*'s sons repentant must confess,
 That social happiness is duty, love ;
 Each acting in his sphere, to covet less
 Ambitious views, but merit to approve :
 Avoiding vice and luxury,
 Partaking unanimity ;
 Not low, base, selfish ways, feign'd ostentation,
 But gen'rous hearts, free as our coronation.

IV.

Grandeur 'till now was thought mere pageantry,
 'Tis more than formal here, 'tis greatness real ;
 A father to his people *George* will be,
 Suppressing vice, fair virtue will prevail :
Charlotte, the gift of Heav'n divine,
 To prudent steps her sex incline ;
 Domestic jars, to shun what brings vexation,
 Be happy from this glorious coronation.

V. The

V.

The thoughts of foibles past we'll not retain,
 'Tis virtue, truth, which lead and triumph now;
 We see with joy those blessed times again,
 Content infus'd from highest to the plough.
 Th' events of Heav'n do decree,
 A nursing father, mother be;
 A guard, a guide to *Britons* for duration,
 Whilst they respect this glorious coronation:

VI.

Would *Solomon* his *Ophir* largely boast,
 Or *Sheba's* Queen his grandeur magnify,
 Were they to view the riches of our coast,
 And this day's splendour all the world outvie;
 Pleas'd with the various scenes of joy,
 With sweetest smiles all looks employ:
 Grand, brilliant, noble, with a pure sensation,
 All gladly hail this glorious coronation.

VII.

Well might she say, happy thy subjects be,
 Happy thy servants, who partake thy trust,
 Thy early wisdom, love, true piety,
 Thy fond desire to chuse the upright, just.
Jehovah, Lord, be prais'd indeed,
Britannia's throne from fraud is freed.
 A native *George* is crown'd to bless the nation,
 And rule with justice, by his coronation.

VIII. The

VIII.

The young from hence with modesty appear,
 No sycophants in place to tyrannize,
 Integrity and truth shine ev'ry where,
 Real merit is of use, the worthy rise ;
 Justice no longer's bought and sold,
 Or honesty a prey to gold ;
 No hypocrites, no base equivocation,
 Shall fully hence this glorious coronation.

IX.

The sweet advantages of peace shall flow,
 Joys in communion stronger lasting are,
 This signal day shall latest offsprings know,
 And peace's blessings ev'ry subject wear ;
 Hence *Albion's* sons, with heart and voice,
 Commemorate this happy choice ;
 Both *George* and *Charlotte* name with exultation,
 And ardent praise this glorious coronation.

X.

Anointed now's our fovereign, Lord and King,
 In filial duty we'll true homage pay,
 Symphonious sounds, repeating echo's ring,
 And joyful lustres close the chearful day :
 My muse, tho' absent from the train,
 (Not vain to wish, of fate complain,) -
 Is here content, resign'd to contemplation,
 Revolving o'er this glorious coronation.

On his Majesty's Marriage:

LORD of the world, and Paradise his throne;
 Yet *Adam* felt not perfect bliss alone;
 'Till woman, last and fairest work of Heav'n,
 To fill his heart, and crown his joys was giv'n:
 The great Creator list'ning to his pray'r,
 Form'd the first bride, and join'd the happy pair:

Thus the now Arbiter of all mankind
 Meet Consort to himself cou'd nowhere find;
 By seas dissevered, each to each unknown,
 'Till *Charlotte* came to bless his heart, and throne,
 When thus the loveliest to the best is giv'n,
 'Tis just to own this match too made by Heav'n.

Character of the King of Prussia:

THE most faithful and scrupulous historian would be the best panegyrist of Frederick, King of *Prussia*. I pretend to be neither; I only attempt the outlines of his character, which even cotemporary jealousy, envy and malignity are forced to admire, and which more impartial posterity, if it can believe, will almost adore.

By the mere natural strength and superiority of his genius, without experience, he broke out at once a general, a hero. He distinguished with precision, what inferior minds never discover at all, the difference between great difficulties and impossibilities; and being never discouraged by the former, has often seemed to execute the latter.

Indefatigable, laborious and active, coolly intrepid in action, he discerns as by intuition, seizes with
 rapidity,

rapidity, and improves with skill, the short, favourable and often decisive moments of battle. Modest and magnanimous after victory, he becomes the generous protector of his subdued and captive enemies. Resolute and undaunted in misfortunes, he has risen superior to distresses, and struggled with difficulties which no courage nor constancy, but his own, would have resisted, or could have surmounted.

But as he cannot always command the success which he always deserves, he may perhaps be obliged to yield at last to the superior numbers of almost all Europe combined against him; their legions may perhaps conquer but his virtues must triumph.

As a king, he is a man, a citizen, a legislator, and a patriot. His own extensive mind forms all his plans of government, undebauched by selfish ministerial interests and misrepresentations. Justice and humanity are his only ministers.

In his own dominions he has reformed the law, and reduced it to equity, by a code of his own digesting. He has thrown Cavil out of the shifting, and wavering scales of justice, and poised them equally to all.

Indulgent to the various errors of the human mind, because tainted with so few himself; he has established universal toleration: that decisive characteristic of true religion, natural justice, social benevolence, and even good policy. He equally abhors the guilt of making martyrs, and the folly of making hypocrites.

Greatly above all narrow local prejudices, he has invited and engaged, by a general indiscriminating naturalization, people of all nations to settle in his dominions. He engages and rewards the industrious, he cherishes and honours the learned; and man as man wherever oppressed by civil, or persecuted

persecuted by ecclesiastical tyranny, finds a sure refuge in his sentiments of justice and humanity, which the purple robe has not been able to smother.

A philosopher, undazzled with the splendor of the heroic parts of the character, may perhaps enquire after the milder and social virtues of humanity, and seek for the man. He will find both the man and the philosopher too in *Frederick*, unallayed by the king, and unfulfilled by the warrior.

A Patriot of all liberal arts and sciences, and a model of most; in a more particular manner cultivating, adorning and adorned by the *Belles Lettres*. His early and first attempt was a refutation of the impious system of *Machiavel*, that celebrated professor of political iniquity. Nobly conscious that he might venture to give the world that public pledge of his future virtue. His memoirs, intended to serve only as materials for a future history of the house of *Brandenbourg*, are such as must necessarily defeat his own purpose, unless he will write the history too himself. There are also specimens enough of his poetical genius to shew that he might be a poet, were he not something greater and better.

Neither the toils of war nor the cares of government engross his whole time, but he enjoys a considerable part of it in familiar and easy conversation with his equals, Men. There the King is unknown, and what is more, unfelt. Merit is the only distinction, in which his unasserted, but confessed and desired superiority, flatters a mind formed like his, much more delicately than the always-casual and often-undeserved superiority of rank and birth.

But not to swell an essay towards a character, to the bulk of a finished character, still less to that of a history, I will conclude this sketch with this observation

servation : many a private man might make a great king, but where is the king who could make a great private man, except *Frederick*?

—He is the assertor of liberty,
The terror of his enemies ;
Magnanimous without pride,
Valiant without violence,
Victorious without triumph,
Active without weariness,
Cautious without fear,
His thoughts are wise and secret,
His words few and faithful,
His actions many and heroic,
His government without tyranny,
His justice without rigour,
And,
His Religion without Superstition.

—But words are wanting to say what:
Say all that's great and good, and he is that.

On his late Grace the Duke of Marlborough, when in the Decline of Life, and dozing in a melancholy posture on his Couch.

AWFUL hero, *Marlborough*, rise ;
Sleepy charms, I come to break :
Hither turn thy languid eyes,
Lo ! thy genius calls awake.

Well

Well survey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great story ;
'Tis a short but crouded span,
Full of triumph, full of glory.

One by one these deeds review,
Sieges, battles, which appear :
Former wonders, lost in new,
Greatly croud each pompous year.

This is *Bleinheim's* crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd :
Her retiring squadrons yield,
And a bloody wreath is gain'd.

Think on these, while life may last ;
The greatest blis to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions past,
And to find them great and good.

But thou art gone, O mortal born !
Swift the transient scenes remove ;
Let them pass with noble scorn,
Thine are deeds which live above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foresee ;
Men who've acted wond'rous things,
Tho' none there are compar'd to thee.

Foremost in the patriot's band,
Shining with distinguish'd ray,
See ! thy friend *Godolphin* stand ;
See ! he beckons thee away.

In yonder fields in realms of light,
 They thy ravish'd soul implore,
 Wishing, panting for thy flight,
 Half an angel, man no more.

*To his Excellency Lieutenant-General Bland,
 at his Arrival in Dublin, from his Go-
 vernment in Gibraltar.*

By a young Gentleman.

WHILE thousands greet you on the *British*
 shore,
 With drums salute you, and while canons roar,
 While three whole Kingdoms are united found,
 All joined in concert with the trumpet's found ;
 Shall I be silent ; or unstrung my lyre,
 Amid this tuneful and harmonious quire ;
 No, *Bland*——I too will lift my humble voice ;
 Th' exulting muses must applaud my choice :
 I feel them guide my unreluctant hand,
 And dictate freely to the name of *Bland*.
 Ah, *Bland*, with pleasure you could spend your
 days,
 Remote from danger, in delightful ease,
 Enjoy the sweets of a pure tranquil life,
 Unvex'd with foreign, or domestic strife ;
 But did you ; No——your Country claim'd your
 help,
 You hail'd her voice, regardless of yourself :
 Not all the blis could purchase your delay ;
Britannia call'd you, and you scorn'd to stay :
 Your generous soul glow'd at the royal word,
George but commanded, and *Bland* drew his sword.
 Your

Your arm how ardent to assert his cause,
 Support his liberties, defend his laws,
Flanders and *Culloden* on record stand,
 At both we conquer'd, for at both was *Bland*.
 Hail then, thrice welcome to your native shore,
 Thou pride of *Britain*, of *Hibernia* more;
 She shall to list'ning worlds your worth relate:
 In manners graceful, as in battle great.
 In all the arduous paths of glory try'd,
 An able statesman, and a soldier's guide.
 Adorn'd with every virtue that commends,
 A zealous Patriot, and the best of Friends.
 When peace and joyful pride began to smile,
 And sweet tranquillity o'erspread the isle:
 Then we experienc'd *Bland's* diffusive care,
 In peace unequal'd, as supreme in war.
Gibraltar joy'd beneath your guiding hand,
 Your prudent conduct, and your just command,
 And felt a royal tenderness in *Bland*.
 Faint are th' expressions to describe your name,
 Thou hero foremost on the list of fame.

*Another Poem on his Grace the late Duke
 of Marlborough.*

SWIFT as his fame, o'er all the world he flies,
 Follow'd by friends, and shun'd by enemies:
 Tho' they that follow him, must undergo
 Hazards as great, as meeting him his foe;
 His trumpets, like the last, give joy and dread,
 Give fear to foes, and raise friends spirits dead;
 But his great heart, who ne'er himself will spare,
 Makes friends no less than enemies to fear;

Cities

Cities he vanquished in as short a space,
 As other Princes visit them in peace;
 Whose walls and trenches could no more ensure
 Safety to them, than dread to him procure:
 Whom dangers still and difficulties make
 More fierce and eager in his bold attack.
 But *Britain's* chief, as merciful as brave,
 Still fights to conquer, conquers but to save:
 Thus antient heroes their just arms employ'd,
 To quell those monsters which mankind destroy'd;
 He risks his life his foes as friends to save,
 The world to free, which others would enslave;
 So doubly vanquishes his friends and foes,
 These with his kindness, with his courage those.
 Great is his justice, but his mercy more.
 So far his modesty transcends his power:
 The only thing he ne'er could conquer yet,
 Which, as his merit is more truly great,
 Does still the better of our hero get.
 But in the field——where we, by foes are told,
 He only, most presumptuously is bold,
 Attacking of great numbers with the less,
 But by more dangers to ensure success.
 Yet has his courage, prudence for its rein,
 Which does his rage victoriously restrain;
 At once himself he conquers, with his foe,
 When passion would his reason overthrow;
 Alike in danger calm, as in debate,
 Not like those fierce hot ministers of state,
 In council furious, as in war sedate.
 He will in war, as peaceful contest, find
 In spite of opposition, peace of mind;
 Who swift in action, and in conduct great,
 Can boldly charge, triumphantly retreat,
 Pursue his foe, but fly-pursuing fame,
 Has nothing but his modesty, his blame.——

Courage

Courage and conduct are two particulars absolutely necessary to form a general; and where, these blended with genius, learning, and experience, are found, the greatest things may reasonably be expected. If he be destitute of courage, he is certainly unfit for the lowest command in the army, as without this all his other talents will be rendered absolutely useless, and if he has no conduct, he will never perform any great action. Hurried away with an impetuous desire of attacking his foe, he will forget to take the advantages from the different situations and motions of the enemy during the battle. Favourable moments happen in all actions, which, if well attended to, and the proper advantages taken, generally decide the fortune of the day. Wherever an experienced general sees the enemy's troops disordered, he flies with the greatest rapidity; takes the first troops he finds at hand, and attacking vigorously the corps already in confusion, puts them totally to the rout. These are the strokes which decide engagements, and secure victory, but these strokes cannot be expected of a person who is wanting in conduct. Besides these essential particulars, he should be sincerely desirous of doing every thing in his power to promote the interest of his sovereign, and the service for which he is entrusted with the command. No party prejudices should have any share in his conduct. He should despise such mean views, as beneath a man of honour. The interest of his country, and the glory of his master, should be the predominant passions in his breast; and to these he should sacrifice every other consideration. Nor should private pique or malice have any influence on his conduct. Steady to the calls of glory, and the welfare of his country, he should forget every indignity offered to himself, and remember, that, as he is raised above others in military rank, so he should excel them in military

military virtues. His whole care should be to conduct the forces under his care with skill and intrepidity. He should remember, that, when he receives his commission, he devotes his life to the service of his country. He engages on his part to meet the enemy undauntedly, and in consideration of that engagement, he is honourably supported by that country he engages to serve.—

Character of the late Field Marshal Keith, who was killed in a Battle, he was Commander under the brave King of Prussia.

HE was a gentleman of distinguished abilities, in whose person was united the virtues of a man, an hero, and a christian. He was a friend to merit, a benefactor to the indigent, and a well-wisher to mankind in general. He was so amiable in his temper, and agreeable in his conversation, that he engaged the love and admiration of all who knew him with any degree of intimacy. In his epistolary intercourse, he discovered a friendly sincerity of heart, with an interesting benevolence of disposition. He wrote with an easy and familiar condescension, mixed with a becoming dignity, which pointed out the truly great man; and in the politeness of his expression, he displayed the accomplished gentleman. Such uncommon desert, could not fail to procure him the esteem and confidence of the *Prussian* Monarch, who is so sagacious in discovering, and generous in rewarding, merit.

Whoever contemplates the devastations of war in the mirror of reason, must confess that it shocks
the

the tenderness of humanity, and excites the highest degree of astonishment. But as the rapacity of ambition is too powerful an antagonist for benevolence, and at the same time a vice that predominates too much in the bosom of the powerful, wars seem inevitable; and defensive wars are justified by every tie of nature, and consecrated by the commands of necessity. The restless ambition of the powerful gave rise to the military profession; for, by the superior skill of their armies, they were to extend their conquests; and as the knowledge of discipline in the common soldier, was owing to what he had received from his officer, we need not doubt, but the post of the commander was not only the indication, but likewise the reward of superior skill. In the infancy of states, especially those which are celebrated for their military exploits, we find the title of commander not merely an appellation of honour, but an exposure to the greatest danger; for the officer was the first that charged, and the soldiery did not so much obey his commands, as follow his example. It was not difficulty that could intimidate; no, it animated: it was not danger that could terrify; no, it invigorated: hardships could not dishearten; they rather encouraged. Glory was indeed annexed to conquest; but annexed only to such as were acquired with the greatest hazards. To refuse danger was to refuse glory; and to refuse glory, when the public welfare invited, was to be guilty of a crime which the most severe punishment could not expiate. The general who deserted his country, when it called for his assistance, was looked upon as deaf to the cries of his offspring, blind to the distresses of his parents, perfidious to the wants of his friends, and regardless of the curses of posterity; because his country comprehended all these

relations: and if he proved a traitor to the former, he must also have proved perfidious to the latter. What indeed could merit more applause, than to quit all the advantages of affluence, to forego all the immunities of wealth, to abandon all the allurements of pleasures, in order to combat with want and danger, to shorten life by watchings and fatigues, to face death, and brave destruction, to lay down life in defence of one's country, or to preserve it by destroying its inveterate enemies; men, whose bosoms glowed with this generous ardour, were deservedly stiled heroes, and obtained a place in the annals of their respective countries. Hence it was that we find Kings devoting themselves to destruction for the sake of their country, and were the more honoured as they had been the more brave. The military life is in this light, and in this only, worthy of applause. It must be acknowledged, ~~though~~ ^{that} the timorous and disobedient officer ~~determines~~ ^{is generally} to be branded by the hands of infamy. As fortitude was looked upon as the very soul of a person devoted to a military life, so to decline any service appointed by the state, was a crime that death only could expiate. He who takes the pay of the public, owns himself its servant, and are not all servants obliged in conscience to discharge that trust for which they are paid. To receive the salary, and refuse the duty, is to defraud the treasury, and to rob the poor; not to mention, that it deprives the government of the service of one who might answer its expectations; that it renders the most promising plans of conquest abortive; intimidates the courage of inferiors, and makes even the wise counsellor give over forming projects, when it is at the option of any commander to chuse whether he will execute them, and to decline the service, though appointed by his King.

King. The mischiefs flowing from a precedent of this nature are so obvious, that they stare any one in the face, and portend no less than destruction to the state wherein they predominate. Can he, who receives a considerable salary for what he is resolved not to perform, pique himself upon the rectitude of his conduct, or glory in the achieving any great exploit for the public emolument; if ever the minds of our officers should be so depraved in future times, as to be guilty of so impious a desertion, might not our country justly reproach them in the following terms. My sons, my friends, my servants, my protectors; when your mothers necessities call upon you for assistance, will you then desert her; when your friends stand in need of relief, will you abandon her to distress; when your mistress appoints you those posts which she thinks proper for you to occupy, will you prove refractory to her orders, and expose her to destruction by your reluctance; when your distressed country calls for your help, will you keep your swords within their scabbards, till the best planned schemes are rendered abortive by your delay; or some person of less experience is thrust, by necessity, into that post you would not occupy; what reason can be assigned for such behaviour? can faction render you so deaf to the cries of humanity, as to refuse to execute a plan formed for the glory of your country, because formed by one who acts upon motives quite opposite to those of your corrupt party; do the mistakes of those who have preceded you deter you; let them serve as signals placed on sands which you are to avoid, and then they will conduct you safe to the haven of glory. Are the virtues implanted in the human breast to lie for ever dormant; or, are they not rather given you for wise purposes by the author of your being. Remember, the greater the

ger, the greater will be your glory : but if you are deaf to the voice of liberty, and so ungenerous as to receive the pay, and at the same time to decline the service, let shame incite you to what honour cannot, and the fear of infamy prevail where the love of praise is ineffectual. Blush over the treasure you have accumulated without deserving it, and let avarice itself spur you to the field you have refused to enter at the calls of your country.——

The death of a great and virtuous general is a heavy loss to the country that gave him birth, and the best method of repairing that loss, is to transmit his illustrious actions to posterity, that his example may inspire his countrymen, with a noble emulation of equalling his admired exploits, and, like a radiant taper, placed on the highest pinnacle of the temple of fame, directs his followers to tread the paths of virtue and honour, the only avenues that lead to that glorious structure. These three kingdoms has happily abounded in great men of every denomination. Their learned sons are justly placed at the head of the republic of letters, and their admirals and generals are at least equal to the boasted heroes of antiquity. Dangers however threatening, and difficulties however great, are insufficient to prevent the execution of their important designs. Liberty, that darling object of their sons, animates them with a resolution that defies the one, and surmounts the other. Our annals afford us a great variety of examples of this kind — Any general may fight, but it requires deep penetration, and the utmost exertion of military judgment, to guard against all possible events. If a victory is gained, how to improve it ; if lost, how to repair it.

Character of the late Duke of Marlborough.

THAT great man who never laid siege to a town which he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not gain, was at *St. James's* a perfect courtier, the head of a party in parliament, and in foreign countries the most able negotiator in his time. He did *France* as much mischief by his understanding as his arms; and *Fagel*, secretary of the States general, a man of very great merit, has been heard to say, that, more than once, when their High Mightinesses had resolved to oppose what the duke of *Marlborough* was to lay before them, the duke came, and though he spoke to them in *French*, in which language he expressed himself but ill, yet he brought them all into his sentiments. In conjunction with prince *Eugene*, the companion of his victories, and *Heinsius*, the grand pensioner of *Holland*, he supported all the weight of the enterprizes of the allies against *France*. He knew that *Charles XII.* King of *Sweden*, was exasperated against the Empire and the Emperor; that he was secretly solicited by the *French*, and that if that conqueror should join himself to *Lewis XIV.* the allies would be undone. 'Tis true *Charles* had given his word in one thousand seven hundred, not to intermeddle in the war of *Lewis XIV.* with the allies; but the duke of *Marlborough* did not believe that any Prince would be so great a slave to his word, as not to sacrifice it to his grandeur and interest. He therefore set out from the *Hague*, with a design to sound the intentions of the King of *Sweden*. As soon as he arrived at *Leipsic*, where *Charles* then was, he applied himself secretly, not

to count *Piper*, the first minister, but to baron *Goerts*, who began to share the King's confidence with *Piper*. He told *Goerts*, that the design of the allies was very shortly to propose to the King of *Sweden*, to be a second time mediator between them and *France*. He said this in hopes of discovering by *Goert's* answer the King's intentions, and because he chose much rather to have *Charles* for an arbitrator than an enemy. At last he had his public audience at *Leipsic*. Upon his first address to the King, he told him in *French*, that he should think himself happy, if he could be taught under his command, what he yet wanted to know in the art of war. He then had a private audience of an hour long, in which the King spoke in *German*, and the duke in *French*. The duke who was never in haste to make propositions, and had learned, by a long course of experience, the art of penetrating into the sentiments of mankind, and finding out the secret connexions between their inmost thoughts and their actions, gestures and discourse, fixed his eyes attentively upon the King. When he spoke to him of war in general, he thought he perceived in his Majesty a natural aversion towards *France*; and observed, that he was pleased when he talked of the conquests of the allies. He mentioned the *Czar* to him, and took notice that his eyes always kindled at his name, notwithstanding the moderation of the conference; and he further remarked, that a map of *Muscovy* lay before him upon the table. He wanted no more to determine him in his judgment, that the real design of the King of *Sweden*, and his sole ambition were to dethrone the *Czar*, as he had done the King of *Poland*. He understood, that he had no other views by continuing in *Saxony*, than to impose, by that means, certain hard laws upon the Emperor

Emperor of *Germany*; but he knew that the Emperor would comply with them, and that thus matters would be easily made up. He left *Charles XII.* to his natural inclination, and being satisfied with having discovered his intentions, he made no kind of proposal. As few negotiations are concluded without money, it was believed throughout all *Europe*, that the duke of *Marlborough's* success with the King of *Sweden*, was obtained by a large sum of money, opportunely given to count *Piper*; and the count was reflected upon for it to his dying day. This report having been traced to its bottom, it is said that *Piper* received a small present from the Emperor, by the hands of count *Wratislau*, with the consent of the King his master, and nothing from the duke of *Marlborough*. This latter part of the extract is inserted only to make the following reflection upon it, *viz.* that it is a surprizing instance of the duke of *Marlborough's* address and personal influence, and great knowledge of mankind, if he could dive thus deeply into the sentiments of the King of *Sweden*, as is related, without having first unlocked the hearts of those about him with a golden key.

*To Admiral Haddock on the Successes of
Admiral Vernon, 1740.*

ROUSE *Haddock* rouse, from thy inglorious
sleep,
And with avenging squadrons scour the deep,
'Tis *Britain*, injured *Britain* calls thee forth,
Arise to action and resume thy worth,
Rouse *Haddock*, rouse thee: hark, from *Indian*
shore,
The burst of bombs and the loud cannons roar,

'Tis conquering *Vernon* thunders in thy ears,
Vernon who fills the Western World with fears,
 With half thy force see *Carthagera* burn'd,
Cbagra, and *Porto Bello's* forts o'erturn'd,
 Whilst thou, or by inactive orders bound,
 Or seiz'd thyself with lethargy profound,
 Dost or in vain parades, thy squadrons lead,
 Or slumbering heavy at dull anchor nod,
 Rise admiral and from thy deck survey,
 Thy strength, how mighty navies crowd the sea,
 Then think, thou master of this fleeting host,
 The time for acting wonders thou hast lost,
Cadix entire, the puntals not in flame,
Pintado's squadron scap'd thee to our shame,
 Thy bursting bombs not *Malaga* has heard,
 Nor its capacious mould thy cannon fear'd,
 Yet *Alicant* untouch'd, and *Carthage* whole,
 While *Spanish* gallies act without controul,
 From *Sevil's* streams full fraught with warlike
 store,

They pass *Gibral'ar's* height, then turn for more,
Majorca, *Barcelona* full in sight,
 Yet unattempted hear thee, free from fright,
 Behold the laurels by great *Vernon* won,
 The mighty acts by six ships only done,
 See the brave man, who love of virtue fires,
 Whose honest breast his country's cause inspires,
 Retrieves the honour of the *British* name,
 Its long lost honours, and its sinking fame,
 Bids once again the dreadful flag display,
 Which since the days of *Bing* in rubbish lay,
 Commands the cobwebs from the cannons bore,
 Unchains the *British* lions, bids them roar,
 With fire and sword the hostile land invade,
 A welcome sacrifice to *Hofier's* shade,
 Whilst he unhappy hero wrap'd in night,
 Smiles grimly from his tomb on *Vernon's* fight,
 Revenge

Revenge, he cries, thy country's wrongs and mine,
A monument of shame, behold my shrine.

On Admiral Vernon.

VERNON taking *Porto Bello*,
Proves himself an honest fellow,
And disposing of the spoil,
To the sailors for their toil,
Shews he is without disguise,
Fittest for an enterprize,
Let the haughty Dons beware;
Vernon does not them ensnare,
Since he waits for no instruction,
To pursue them to destruction.

Advice to Admiral Vernon, 1740.

VERNON, thou terror of the main,
Desist from humbling haughty *Spain*,
Lest when you grace your native shore,
You be what * *Rawleigh* was before,
And this hereafter should be read,
You sav'd the state but lost your head.

D 5

The

* *Sir Walter Rawleigh beheaded in King James the first's reign, by a Spanish faction, which then prevailed in England, under the influence of count Gundamor, ambassador from Spain.*

The Advice to Admiral Vernon revers'd,
1740.

VERNON proceed in humbling *Spain*,
Consider this is *George's* reign,
Not *Rawlegb's* fate once change your brow,
No *Gundamor's*, nor *James's* now,
And stories shall hereafter tell,
You rose as high as *Rawleigh* fell.

On Admiral Vernon's Success in America.

An Epigram.

TO crush our foes, three naval heroes born,
Drake, Rawleigh, Vernon, Britain's isle
adorn,
The first in courage and success surpast,
The next in well plann'd schemes, in both the last,
Drake had all honour valour could obtain,
But *Rawleigh* fell a sacrifice to *Spain*,
With happier fate, we see our *Vernon* rise,
As *Drake* courageous, and as *Rawleigh* wise,
The hero's and the patriot's worth to shew,
Heaven made the third, and join'd the former too.

*These Lines spoke by a young Lady on seeing
his Grace the Duke of Argyle, 1740.*

WHEN conquering death shall ravish from
your eyes,
Those trifling glories which the courtiers prize,
When Crowns shall fall, and Empires shall be
lost,
And all that's mortal be dissolv'd to dust,
Then shalt thou live immortal in thy fame,
And future ages shall extol thy name.

On the Death of a Friend.

MY best companion, and my dearest friend,
With whom alone whole ages I could
spend,
With what content I should receive my doom,
How wish to lie down in thy clay-cold tomb,
But that I live and spare my flitting breath,
To suffer greater sorrow for thy death.

*To a Lady on her making a Present of a
Looking-glass.*

THY gift, dear *Chloe*, when thy gift I see,
Presents an image of myself to me,
Far other pleasure would thy gift bestow,
Thy self, my fair one, could the mirror shew,
The debt contracted then had been too large,
For such a worthling ever to discharge,

But

But no such thought can discompose me here,
 My heart's as faithful as the glass is clear,
 For on my heart that beauteous form of thine,
 Has more of life than in the mirror mine.

Poem on a late Battle in Germany, 1760.

By an Irish Gentleman.

I.

THRONED on the lofty mountains,
 Night enjoy'd her solemn state,
 And beneath her brooding pinions,
 Couch'd in slumber, silence sate;
 When full soon the gallic thunder,
 Shook the huge hills to their base,
 Night, and all her spectres trembled,
 Frighted silence fled the place.

II.

Fond to meet the blaze of lightning,
 Swift the *German* eagle soars,
 Whilst enrag'd the *British* lion,
 In a louder thunder roars;
 Rushing to the glorious conflict,
 Soon he gains the fated plain,
 Vengeance in his eye-balls glaring,
 Terror flames along his mane.

III. Rob'd

III.

Rob'd in radiance Phœbus rising,
 Chases now the shades to flight,
 And displays, in dreadful seeming,
 All the terrors of the fight.
 O'er the fields, where adverse numbers
 Far extend their firm array,
 Havock thro' the throng'd battalions,
 Mowing wide her crimson way.

IV.

Mark! the well compacted squadrons,
 To the furious charge advance;
 And their flow'r embroider'd banners,
 Still hoping a good fate and chance,
 Mark yon slender band of brothers,
 Who, unfelt they fear to die,
 Fought, as if they were immortal,
 'Till the cuirass'd squadrons fly.

V.

Soaring high, on purple pinions,
 Victory beholds the flight,
 And like lightning swift descending,
 Greet the hero of the fight.
 On his many laurel'd forehead
 Shines the wreath so newly won,
 In his eyes still smile the graces,
 And his face is mercy's throne.

VI. When

VI.

When his valiant chiefs addressing,
 Thus the son of *Mars* begun,
 Share with me, illustrious brethren,
 Share the glory we have won ;
 Foremost thou, most noble *Granby*
 Bravely wish'd the foe t' assail,
 From the cave whilst envy crawling,
 Held the lion by the tail.

VII.

Then a sigh his bosom heaving,
 As he view'd destruction's heap,
 These shall claim the tears of pity,
 That the nobly minded weep.
 Whilst to more illustrious chieftains,
 Mingled with Plebeian dust,
 Fame shall rise th' aspiring column,
 Or the laurel-crowned bust.

On our many glorious and happy Victories,
 1760.

LONG has sad *Albion* mourn'd her coward
 race,
 As long her navy sinking in disgrace,
 Wept her own shame in each degenerate son,
 Who sully'd all their great forefathers won ;
 But pleas'd, at length, a brighter æra sees,
 And now resumes her empire of the seas,

And

And well her valiant sons assert her right;
 For *Britons* now like *antient Britons* fight!
 The same brave spirit which her *Wolfe* inspir'd
 Has all her troops in every quarter fir'd;
 See, all at once, ten thousand heroes rise,
 Whose noble deeds exalt her to the skies,
 Which, could the muse in equal numbers tell,
 This humble verse might to an *iliad* swell.
 What cities sack'd! fair colonies o'er-run!
 Strong fortresses, and fruitful islands won!
 With all her num'rous triumphs on the main!
 Almost within the space of one campaign!

And now, my muse, exert thy noblest strain
 To sing the heroes of her naval reign.
 See brave *Boscawen* in the van appear,
 In greatest dangers never known to fear,
 The daring chief for valour so renown'd,
 Whom victory often has with laurels crown'd.
 Lo! distant *India* rings with *Pocock's* name;
 And the whole world resounds with *Anson's* fame.
 Yet still the muse th' heroic list may swell
 With *Osborne*, *Saunders*, *Hardy*, and *Durell*.
 While fame, no less, exhibits to our view
Howe, *Hervey*, *Keppel*, *Lockhart*, *Gilchrist* too.
 These, and a thousand more, demand my song.
 A crowd of heroes! an illustrious throng;
 But, chief of all, the gallant *Hawke* survey,
 Bold as the eagle darting on his prey!
 As swift as whom the active hero slew,
 And hurl'd his thunder on the prostrate crew;
 With horror seiz'd, the trembling *Monseurs* stood,
 And saw the ocean dy'd with *Gallic* blood!

To the Memory of General Wolfe.

IF nobly fighting in a nation's cause,
 And bravely dying to maintain it's laws :
 If great exertion, honesty of heart,
 And all the zeal true courage can impart :
 If these can make the laureat hero shine,
 These, *Wolfe*, were thine, pre-eminently thine.
 Too early lost—yet glory crown'd thy days,
 And fame grows hoarse, unequal to thy praise.
 But oh ! the burst of universal joys,
 Thy death, tho' triumph honour'd it, destroys.
 Our patriot King in pity drops a tear,
 And mourns a conquest that was bought so dear.
 Oh ! let the muse thy fortitude proclaim,
 And on thy tomb thus register thy name :

“ Here lies brave *Wolfe*, who fought on freedom's
 side,
 “ Bled for his King, and vanquish'd, tho' he
 “ dy'd.”

An Officer's Address to the Public, 1760.

IN the midst of our universal, well founded, joy
 for the reduction of *Quebec* : let it ever be re-
 membered, as an humbling consideration to huma-
 nity, that there fell the young, the brave, the vir-
 tuous major-general *Wolfe*, cut off from the sum-
 mit of public glory, and all the most flattering pros-
 pects of domestic felicity. To draw forth cha-
 racters, requires a *Raphael's* pencil ; the present at-
 tempt

tempt is an outline only, but sketched by the hand of truth, unbyassed and unmasked. General *Wolfe* seemed by nature formed for military greatness, his memory was retentive, his judgment deep, and his comprehension amazingly quick and clear; his constitutional courage was not only uniform, and daring perhaps to an extream; but he possessed that higher species of it, (If I may be allowed the expression) that strength, steadiness, and activity of mind, which no difficulties could obstruct, nor dangers deter. With an unusual liveliness, almost to impetuosity of temper; he was not subject to passion; with the greatest independance of spirit; free from pride; generous almost to profusion; he contemned every little art for the acquisition of wealth, whilst he searched after objects for his charity and beneficence: the deserving soldier never went unrewarded, and even the needy inferior officer tasted his bounty. Constant and distinguishing in his attachments; manly and unreserved, yet gentle and kind in his manners; he enjoyed a large share of the friendship, and almost the universal good-will of mankind; and to crown all, sincerity and candour, a true sense of honour, justice and public liberty seemed the inherent principles of his nature, and the uniform rules of his conduct. He betook himself when very young, to the profession of arms; and with such talents, joined to the most unwearied assiduity, no wonder he was soon singled out as a most rising military genius, even so early as at the battle of *La-faldt*, when scarce twenty years of age, he exerted himself in so masterly a manner, at a very critical juncture, that it drew the highest encomiums from the great officer then at the head of our army. During the whole war, he went on, without interruption, forming the military character; was present

sent at every engagement, and never passed undistinguished : even after the peace, whilst others lolled on pleasure's downy lap, he was cultivating the arts of war ; he introduced (without one act of inhumanity) such regularity and exactness of discipline into his corps, that as long as the six *British* batalions, on the plains of *Minden*, are recorded in the annals of *Europe*, so long will *Kingsley's* stand among the foremost in the glories of that day. Of that regiment he continued Lieutenant-Colonel, until the great minister who roused the sleeping genius of his country, called him forth into higher sphere of action. He was early in the most secret consultations for the attack of *Rochfort*, and what he would have done there, and what he afterwards did do at *Louisbourg*, are fresh in memory. He was scarce returned from thence, when he was appointed to command the important expedition against *Quebec* ; there his abilities shone out in their brightest lustre, in spight of many unforeseen difficulties, from the nature of the situation, from great superiority of numbers, the strength of the place itself, and his own bad state of health, he preserved, with unwearied diligence, practising every stratagem of war to effect his purpose, at last, singly and alone in opinion, he formed and executed that great, that dangerous, yet necessary plan, which drew out his enemies to their defeat, and will for ever denominate him the conqueror of *Canada* : but there—tears stop my pen—there, when within the grasp of victory, he first received a ball through his wrist, which, immediately wrapping up, he went on, with the same alacrity, animating his troops by precept and example ; but, a few minutes after, a second ball through his body, obliged him to be carried off to a small distance in the rear, where, roused from fainting in the last agonies, by
the

the sound of *they run*, he eagerly asked, who run ? and being told, the enemy, and that they were defeated, he said, then, I thank God ; I die contented ; and almost instantly expired. Thus to die, is to live an age ! and though the surviving in command omitted to raise one stone to his rivalled merit, his own actions have erected a lasting monument of gratitude in every patriot breast. *Britons* and fellow soldiers, let not the public suffer by such a loss ! warmed by his example, let us learn to imitate his virtues !——Then a *Pit* will never be without a *Wolfe*, to fight the battles of his country, in support of its own independencies, and of the rights and liberties of mankind.——

Great without fault, and without rashness brave ;
 E ndear'd to virtue, to no vice a slave ;
 Nought could, at *Rochfort*, damp thy martial
 flame,
 E lude thy vigour, or enhance thy name.
 R enown'd, for fame on *Minden's* glorious field,
 A nd prais'd by foes, thy valour taught to yield,
 L avish of life on *Britain's* dangerous coast,
 W hen troops retir'd and in thee found an host.
 O n thy dread arm the fate of *Albion* hung,
 L ong sung with joy, but now in dirges sung !
 F reely *Quebec* gave up to grace thy bier,
 E ngland gave praise, and *England's* King a tear.—

Here intomb'd a soldier lies,
Wolfe the brave, humane, and wise,
 How the hero fought, and fell,
 Victory shall bleeding tell.——

Raise to his memory, and deathless name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame,
Shew

Shew him like *Phæbus*, patron of the bow,
 Graceful in youth, like *Jove's* his awful brow ;
 How gazing armies fix on him their eyes,
 Resolv'd like him each soldier fights or dies.
 Shew how the enemy on all sides fly,
 The thunders of his arm, and lightnings of his
 eye :

How at his felt approach their city shakes,
 Thro' all its hundred states their empire quakes, }
 Resigns its forests, and submits its lakes.
 Raise to his mem'ry and deathless name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
 Now shew the sad reverse ; the hero lies,
 As if in pleasing slumbers clos'd his eyes ;
 That martial ardor still in death express'd,
 That country's love which warm'd his dauntless
 breast,

With wreaths of laurel let his brows be bound,
 With broken arms and truncheons strew the
 ground. }

Plant armies, senates, princes, weeping round.
 By golden armour, and a radiant crest,
 And martial port, distinguished from the rest,
 Place noble *Granby*, *Amberst*, *Townshend* there,
 Mourning their friend and brother of the war.
 Fix'd as a statue, near his much lov'd side,
 In silent sorrow, place the beauteous bride.
 But, oh ! what magic sculpture can express,
 The parent's grief, the mother's deep distress !
 Like *Hector's* mother, be the matron laid,
 A sable mantle o'er her reverend head,
 Growing to earth, and groveling on the dead. }
 Then shew the royal fire with out-spread hands,
 And lifted eyes (as now perhaps he stands)
 Invoking Heaven ; and on his awful brow,
 Engrave in living lines this solemn vow :

The

The conquer'd world, that caus'd the fatal strife,
 Shall pay the price of his lamented life.
 While at his side our second father stands,
 To hear and to fulfil his dread commands ;
 And *Britain's* genius, hovering in mid-air,
 Confirms the solemn vow, and hears the monarch's
 prayer.

Raise to his memory and deathless name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
 Now high above let opening Heaven display
 Its everlasting gates, that flame with day ;
 Place gods and demi-gods and heroes round,
 By *Jove* himself the sacred synod crown'd :
 Let all behold the immortal spirit rise ;
 With songs the muses hail him to the skies ;
 His seat with who conquer'd as they bled,
 Betwixt the *Theban* and the valiant *Swede* ;
 While his great father, with a father's joy,
 Receives, alas ! too soon, his darling boy.

*To a young Lady, an ingenious writer of
 several Pieces.*

O Thou ! within whose tender blooming breast,
 Fair wisdom deigns to stay a willing guest ;
 Whose sprightly genius dares, with manly rage,
 To lash the follies of a giddy age,
 Expose the fop, the coxcomb's arts destroy,
 And teach the fair the path to bliss and joy :
 Say, wilt thou listen to an artless youth,
 Nurs'd in the school of virtue and of truth ;

Whose

Whose soul disdain's the base, the unmanly part,
 To catch by vile deceit, the unguarded heart :
 A friend to science, tho' he boasts no claim,
 In fame's bright temple to inscribe his name ;
 But oft attempts on *Newton's* wings to soar,
 To worlds remote, and range all nature o'er :
 Delights with fair *Urania's* aid, to trace
 Each brilliant globe, thro' boundless realms of
 space ;

Exerts his strength to tread religion's road,
 Nor fears to own he trembles at his God ;
 No snarling Cynic, loaths enthusiast pride ;
 Delights in mirth, if innocence preside ;
 Unpractis'd in the ways of fortune's wiles,
 But not a stranger to her envy'd smiles ;
 Say, lovely nymph, say, soft harmonious fair,
 May such a youth thy friendship hope to share ;
 He asks no more, 'till time these truths shall prove,
 And ripen friendship into mutual love.

At the Request of several Gentlemen, I insert the following Petition.

Dennis M'Carthy, Esq; in the County of Kerry, Gentleman ; his

PETITION to the Lords J——, on being turned out of his Holding in said County.

Most Worthy Gentlemen,

I Dennis M'Carthy, a poor, indigent, miserable, deplorable, lamentable, needy, distressed, friendless, unfortunate, misfortunate, student and scholar, learner, and disciple, and follower, and lover, and admirer, and friend to the tuneful nine, and Helyconian choir, do expostulate, invoke, observe, beg, pray, and beseech your worships, and lordships, and majestic powers, grandeurs, highnesses and mightinesses, and excellencies, to commiserate, pity, and take compassion, and bemoan, and touched with the state and condition of me, Mr. M'Carthy, extracted, descended, and derived, and sprung, and come from the most powerful, most mighty, most wise, most witty, most learned, most exquisite, most refin'd, most polish'd, most finish'd, most accomplish'd, most polite, most established, most consummate, most deserving, most meritorious, most eminent, most honourable, most liberal, most free, most glorious, most noble, most splendid, most bright, most heroic,

roic, most illustrious, most magnanimous, most warlike, most brave, most renowned, and most couragious race, stock, family, lineage, pedigree, genealogy, and generation, of the princely, regal, royal, martial, warlike, and grand *M'Carthy's* of the county of *Kerry*, whose noble actions and exploits, atchievements, performances, transactions, labours and works, will never be forgotten, defam'd, disannull'd, annihilated, antiquated, obliterated, by tradition, time, antiquity, or even eternity; but raised, historied, and enobled, aggrandized, eternized, advanced, promoted, extolled, elevated by following, and ensuing, and coming after posterity, and children, and succeeding and future time, and recorded, commemorated, and related, and reacted, and accepted, and dictated, and rehearsed, and established in histories, records, registries, annals, memories, compendiums, and libels of glory and fame, and character and reputation; who am son and heir, and proprietor, and poor dear child, of the strong, fierce, bold, daring, terrible, and formidable, and stout, and brave, *Timothy, Thady, M'Tiege, M'Owen, M'Derby, M'Florence, M'Charles, M'Daniel, M'Carthy*, (Lord *Muskery*) formerly, and antiently living, and inhabiting, dwelling and resorting in the county of *Kerry*, who then, and at that time, here, and at that place, had and held, kept and possessed, and enjoyed a plentiful and bountiful, copious, hospitable, and open house, dwelling, and habitation, and abode for all sorts and sizes of people, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, gentle and simple, proper and common, generous and rustical, poor and rich, that came East and West, North and South, this way and that way, and every way, for many and several years and months, and was ruler and rector and governor, and protector, and chief head magistrate, and justice of the peace, and used to wear
broad-

broad-cloth, and fine linen, and ruffles, and a silver hilted sword, and boots and spurs, and a three legged wig, and was provost of a town, city and corporation in said county, out of which he was with the strongest violence, compulsion and expulsion, forced out and turned out, and obliged to go out, and now said place is far alienated, transferred, and removed, and made over from me and my benefit, emoluments, in the hands, and lands, tenor, and possessions of Mr. W—— F—— Esq; and magistrate, and justice of the peace and quorum; and one of his majesty's subjects.

May it therefore please your honours, qualities, qualifications, and ordinances, worships, and dignities, to help, relieve, assist, and succour, your poor, necessitous, and calamitous petitioner, me, Mr. *McCarthy*, who was, and is, and has been, and will be banished, finished, perished, deprived of his vital spirit, by cold, fugitated by famine, unless you consider his state and condition, and want and necessity, and calamity, past, present, and to come, by giving, aiding, assisting, conforcing, and making over, upon him, some thing, or any thing, or no thing, or some where, or any where, or no where, or every where, to buy beer, bread, brandy, coat, waistcoat, or breeches, to circumdate, circummiserate, surround, or cover, or protect, or defend my disordered, and distempered, and disfigured, abused, and soiled, felt, health, skin, hyde, that have, and was, and is, and will be extoxicated, scorched, perished, tortured, burnt and destroyed, by the fervent and ardent burning, and scorching, sultry heat, and pinching, penetrating, piercing of the cold; past, present, and future weather. The premisses, and foregoing of the few mentioned, of the aforesaid imprecations, orations, and supplications, and petitions, tenderly and compassionately considered; these ru-

minated and properly weighed, your petitioner will for ever with protection and satisfaction to the well disposed donor, giver, or bestower, in contribution: now, and then, and there, and forevermore.

Asserted, assured, verified, and

truly demonstrated, to be

true; by me myself.

Dennis M'Carthy, Esq;

A LETTER from a Gentleman in Philadelphia, to his particular Friend in London. Dated August 6th, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Did not know 'till very lately in what part of the world you resided in, and as we had for many years an extraordinary and sincere intimacy, nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear of your welfare, as I am certain you would be glad to hear of mine; I shall thereforein form you of my marriage with a most accomplish'd, virtuous, and agreeable woman; 'tis now about seven years since God was pleased to make me so fortunate as to meet with her. As to her external form, she is of a most beautiful composition: but the internal beauties of her mind is far surpassing. I esteem myself as one of the most happy men in the world in the enjoyment of a good wife: she is a perpetual comfort to me, lying down or getting up; going out or coming in; the innocency and cheerfulness of her conversation often revives me when inclined to dulness. And as for my part, it is my

my constant study to make a good husband, and do all in my power to make her happy. I hope to receive a letter from you as speedy as possible; and as I have been told you are entered into the married state, I hope to have as satisfactory an account of your comfortable living, as you have had from me. Marriage most certainly maketh men happy or miserable, I thank God I know (as to marriage) nothing of the latter, and do enjoy as much as is possible of the former; Solomon saith, 'who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies'. I really think I have found such a woman who possesseth all the qualifications as near as is possible, as is described by him in his last chapter of *Proverbs*, and would not part with her (while God is pleased to permit us to live together) for any worldly consideration. I shall in a little time be daily expecting an answer from you; and am with the greatest respect your affectionate friend and sincere well-wisher,

W- H.

The Answer.

S I R,

I Received your letter the 17th of *September* last, and nothing could give me greater satisfaction than to understand you are so extremely happy, as I am sure you will be very much troubled to hear of my unhappiness in matrimony. I married above fifteen years ago, a woman who was recommended to me for her religion and prudence, but to my great grief and anxiety of mind, I soon found she was not possessed of either; she contradicts me in the most innocent expressions I am able to offer: instead of being a comfort, she is a perpetual plague; she is insolent, imperious, saucy, and haughty; my principal comfort is, that God

has endued me with uncommon patience ; for I can calmly and unmov'd hear her exercising that loquacious member, her tongue, for a considerable time together without making her any answer, for she is not to be reasoned with, and will not hearken to the best advice. To part with her is indecent, to live with her intolerable : but however I endeavour to bear my afflictions with her as much as is possible ; other ways I am in a comfortable situation, but we all must have something to try us, and prepare us for another world : for our light affliction which is but for a moment, (in comparison of eternity) ~~worketh~~ worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Having thus given you a concise account of my situation, I leave you to judge of my enjoyment.

I am, your sincere, affectionate friend and humble servant.

Sept. 20. 1760.

P. M.

— Of all the virtues wherein christians must exercise themselves, that they may come to life eternal, none is more excellent and none more useful than patience. By it we imitate the forbearance and long-suffering of God. Patience governs the mind and preserves it in peace and an even temper ; it lessens anger, and bridles the tongue, mortifies pride and a high spirit ; it ends quarrels, and entertains friendship, and it conquers the world ; it tames the flesh, overcomes temptations, bears nobly and meekly reproaches and persecutions, and it perfects and crowns the life of a christian. By patience a wise and good man may be distinguished from a vicious fool. It is so diffusive a virtue, that it is necessary to all other virtues, and contrary to all vices ; and God instructs and proves the best of his children by exercising their patience. Every creature is commonly visited with disappointments and crosses, either for the punishment due for their sins ;

sins; or the improvement of their virtues, and greater perfection.

To a Young Lady.

LET not the flattering voice of love
 Your unexperienc'd bosom move;
 Your tender heart while men invite,
 Your only safety is in flight;
 Let reason point the safest way,
 While you with innocence obey.
 Nor vainly trust a beauteous face,
 Unless adorn'd with virtue's grace:
 The outward form inflames the mind;
 The inward graces firmly bind.
 And if at last, by heaven's fate,
 You're destin'd to the married state;
 Seek not the trifling modes of life,
 But strive to make a loving wife—

The world, as bad as it is, is not yet so lost to every thing great and good, but there are still some men of virtue and honour to be found; there are, thank Heaven, some worthy men adorned with sense and learning, with complaisance and affability, and every agreeable accomplishment: here then deposite your hearts and fortunes, nor doubt the gratitude of those to whom they are intrusted. Effects are always adequate to their causes; let therefore the union be founded on virtue, honour and prudence; and then in all human probability, happiness will ensue.

A Medicine to cure scolding Wives.

MISS Molly a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms,—but then she had
a tongue.

From morn to night th' eternal 'larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd at the usual time, then wed the dame.
Possess'd, he thought, of every joy of life,
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine;
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As you're a fool;—and you're mighty wife.
Tho' he and all the world, allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began,—for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss,—cry my dear *Moll*;
Supper and friends expect me at the rose,
And, what, Sir *John*, you'll get your usual dose!
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine,
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!
Oft as the watchful bell-man march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir *John* he found;
By four the Knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But arm'd with bourdeaux, he durst venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattl'd loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir *John* is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
Till

'Till morn sends home a stagg'ring drunken beast,
 Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest,
 Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd abstrep'rous
 spouse;

What, can't you find one bed about the house;
 Will that perpetual clack lye never still,
 That rival to the softness of a Mill!
 Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
 Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.
 Long this uncomfortable life they led,
 With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
 To an old uncle oft she would complain,
 Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain:
 Old Wisewon'd, smoak'd the matter as it was,
 Cheer up, cry'd he, and I'll remove the cause.
 A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
 Of sovereign virtue chiefly to compose,
 Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
 The best elixir, to appease man and wife;
 Strange are the effects, and qualities divine,
 'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
 If in his sullen airs Sir *John* should come,
 Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then
 mum;

Smile and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
 Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold,
 One month this sympathetic medicine try'd,
 He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
 But; dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
 Or every pratt'ling hussy 'll get a dose.
 A water bottle's brought for her relief,
 Not Nantz cou'd sooner ease the lady's grief;
 Her busy thoughts are on the tryal bent,
 And female like, impatient for th' event.
 The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
 Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war,
 Entr'ing he cries,—hey, where's our thunder fled;
 No hurricane: *Betty's* your lady dead?

Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Courtly's, looks kind, but not a word she speaks;
 Wond'ring he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
 But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
 Why, how now, *Molly*, what's the crotchet now;
 She smiles, and only answers with a bow.
 Then clasping her about—why let me die,
 These night-cloaths *Moll*, become thee mightily,
 With that she sigh'd, her hand began to press,
 And *Betty* calls, her lady to undress.
 Nay, kiss me, *Molly*,—for I'm much inclin'd:
 Her lace she cuts to take him in the mind.
 Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
 The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.
 For many days these fond endearments past,
 The reconciling bottle fails at last;
 'Twas us'd and gone,—then midnight storms arose,
 And looks and words the union discompose.
 Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies,
 To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
 Transported does the strange effects relate,
 Her knight's conversion and her happy state.
 Why niece, says he,—I prithee apprehend,
 The water's water,—be thyself thy friend;
 Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
 But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
 Be silent and complying—you'll soon find,
 Sir *John*, without a medicine, will be kind.—
 But now suppose we may one woman find,
 Loaded with all the follies of her kind,
 Inconstant, humourfome, affected, nice,
 Strong in her passions, of a gust for vice,
 O'ercharg'd with malice, turbulence, and spleen,
 In speech provoking, in resentment keen,
 Self-will'd, imperious, proud, to vengeance prone,
 Dissembling all things, and believing none,
 Lavish of faith, and prodigal of fame,
 Stranger alike to virtue and to shame;

Grant

Grant all these follies in one woman meet,
 And shew the vices of the sex compleat,
 Because one is, must ev'ry fair be so;
 The fools say yes; but wiser, they say no;
 For sure one woman cannot be a test,
 To blame the sex, and scandal all the rest. —
 Come lovely, gentle peace of mind,
 With all thy smiling nymphs around,
 Content and innocence combin'd,
 With wreaths of sacred olive crown'd.
 Come thou, that lov'st the walk at eve,
 The banks of murmuring streams along,
 That lov'st the crowned court to leave,
 And hear the milk-maid's simple song.
 That lov'st with contemplation's eye,
 The head-long cataract to view,
 That foams and thunders from on high,
 While ecchoe's oft the sound renew.
 That lov'st the dark sequester'd wood,
 Where silence spreads her brooding wings,
 Nor less the lake's translucent flood,
 The mossy grotts and bubbling springs.
 With thee the lamp of wisdom burns,
 The guiding light to realms above:
 With thee the raptur'd mortal learns
 The wonders of celestial love.
 With thee the poor have endless wealth,
 And sacred freedom glads the slave:
 With thee the sick rejoice in health,
 The weak are strong, the fearful brave.
 O lovely, gentle peace of mind!
 Be thou on earth my constant guest
 With thee, whate'er on earth I find,
 The pledge of heaven shall make me blest.
 May every wise inclin'd to scold,
 Forbear, and live in love and peace,
 If they would strive to rule their tongue,
 Discords and jarring soon wou'd cease. —

There are some women who have either a long tongue or a longing tooth, and they are two ill neighbours when they dwell together, for one will lighten the purse, if it be still pleased, and the other will awake you from sleep if it be not charmed, all beasts by man are made tame, but some woman's tongues will never be tame, the tongue is but a small thing, and seldom seen, but it is too often heard to the terror and utter confusion of many a man, and therefore as a sharp bit curbs an unruly horse, even so a curst woman must be sharply handled, but as the best mettled blade is not without Iron, so the best women are not without faults. *Ecclesiasticus* 26. 14, 15. 'A silent, and loving woman is a gift of the Lord; and there is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed. A shame-fac'd and faithful woman is a double grace, and her continent mind cannot be valued. *Proverbs* 12. 4. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones. *Proverbs* 15. 4. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit. *Ecclesiasticus* 26. 26. A woman that honoureth her husband, shall be judged wise of all: but she that dishonoureth him in her pride, shall be counted ungodly of all. A dishonest woman contemneth shame: but an honest woman will reverence her husband.'—Pride in man or woman is a very remarkable sin, and often meets with extraordinary judgments; even in this life, but will certainly be punished in the next: for if God spared not angels for this sin, but cast them into hell, let no proud persons hope to speed better.

of

Of Matrimony.

GOD that hath ordain'd the nuptial knot for a band of union, intended it not only to tie the hands, but the hearts of the married couple together also, and therefore cannot be supposed to wink at the fault of unkindness and unfaithfulness in either party: but especially he expects, that the man should excel in prudence and patience, and give a good example, as well as arguments and instructions to his wife. And it is very certain that God hath not imposed upon wives the duty of subjection and obedience in vain; but takes notice whether they observe it or not, and accordingly executes his judgments upon them that make no conscience thereof: and indeed, the sin itself leads naturally to its own punishment in part, by provoking the husband to displeasure, teaching the children to disobey, and procuring shame and contempt in the world, as well as the wrath of God, and the disfavour of his providence. Husbands have as much cause to be good, as wives, and more clearness of reason, of strength of judgment, ordinarily to govern their passions, and direct their actions, and therefore they should excel the woman, not only in prudence, but in goodness, and particularly patience, which oftentimes they do—

The unhappy fate of many true lovers being disappointed in marriage for selfish ends; ought to teach parents how to deal with prudence and precaution in such cases, and not too hastily to break off that distinguished mark of virtue (true love) for the sake of filthy gain. For since true love is the operation of God, upon a virtuous mind; and that which distinguishes the virtuous man from the libertine; God will never forsake those on whom he has placed so great a mark of his esteem; and tho' people whom

whom mutual unpolluted love has joined, do not flourish in the eyes of the world, yet they are blessed with more content and tranquility, than they who possess all the splendor and honours of life without it.—A young man's intention being frustrated in marriage by the imprudence of his parents; being persuaded by them to marry a person whom he did not love, laboured under his affliction, till he was brought to the very lowest ebb of his strength, and then was prevailed upon to go into company, to drink merrily and so dispel his cares. His first recourse was to hard drinking, and then he was decoyed by bad company, and from that time forward he gave himself up to every sort of vice that had a gilded countenance, nor did he miss any opportunity of gratifying his sensual appetites, till he at last became a meer profligate; and brought such a train of disorders on himself, that he is no longer able to gratify his vicious inclinations, and now (with a conscience loaded with guilt) after devoting the flower of his youth to the wickedness of the world and sinful lusts of the flesh, he is obliged thro' a dread of eternity, to humble himself to the merciful hand of God, begging forgiveness for his past offences.—Obedience to parents is an indispensable duty—No one how great soever, ought to think himself exempt from paying it. Decency, and good manners require it. Natural affection obliges to it, the laws of man enjoin it, and the law of God not only commands it, but annexes to the fulfilling it, a promise of long life in the land which he shall please to give us. Yet, notwithstanding this, when a parent thro' avarice, or partiality, would force his child to marry utterly against inclination, in that case, surely disobedience cannot be a crime, because we are not to obey our parents in things which are in themselves unlawful; and certainly there is nothing more opposite to the laws of God, and more contradictory to the institution, and
even

even to the very words of marriage, than to vow an everlasting love to a person for whom one has a fix'd aversion. But tho' we are not always bound to marry according to the direction of our parents, we ought not however, to think our selves at liberty to chuse for ourselves--If we cannot bring our hearts to correspond with their desires, we must not be so wholly guided by our own as to bring into their family a person whom they do not approve of.

A Gentleman to his Friend, on private and public Marriages:

MArriages in private chambers, tho' with the consent of friends, and never so many persons present, seem to me to lose a great part of their solemnity. If the ceremony is allowed to be of divine institution, and the union of hands and heart, to be a type of the mystical union of Christ and his Church, certainly the most proper place for the celebration of it, is that which is consecrated and set apart for religious rites. A late noble Lord said, he could not look on any marriage as perfect which was not celebrated before the Altar, and obliged his daughter, and the bridegroom he made choice of for her, to be married at the parish Church, tho' both of them were somewhat reluctant; as it was against the mode. The main reason I have heard alledg'd against it is, that it is too great a shock for a young lady to be given to a man, in the presence of so many people as generally crowd into the Church on such occasions; but I could wish there were more of sincerity and less of sophistry in this argument, and that the Brides of this age would in other respects discover an equal share of bashfulness with their great Grand-mothers, who were not ashamed to go to Church with the man they lov'd; and was authorized by their parents, or such who had the disposal of them.

The

The Cobler's Whistling Linnet.

WHEN my dear little linnet
 With warbling throat
 That never learn'd musick, or even a note,
 So mimicks my whistles and amorous song,
 I feel, thro' my veins, the soft raptures to run,
 Ah! I love thee much more than *Alley* my wife,
 Who never was concord to me in my life,
 But peevish and noisy, so apt still to carp,
 That if I sing in flat, she'll answer in sharp. —
 The husband thus reproved his wife,
 Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
 Art thou the herald of disgrace,
 Denouncing war to all thy race;
 Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
 Which spares not friend nor sex nor age,
 That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
 Alarms our neighbours far and near;
 Good God! 'tis like a rolling river,
 That murmurs, flows, and flows for ever!
 Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
 Like fame it gathers strength by going.
 Heigh day! the flippant tongue replies,
 How solemn is the fool! how wise!
 Is nature's choicest gift debar'd;
 Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
 Women of late are finely ridden!
 A parrots priviledge forbidden!
 You praise his talk, his squalling song?
 But wives are always in the wrong.
 A parrot is for talking priz'd,
 But prating women are despis'd!
 She, who attacks another's honour,
 Draws every living thing upon her.
 Think madam, when you stretch your lungs,
 That all your neighbours to have tongues;

One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with interest pays the debt.

*The following Question and Answer, taken
from the Athenian Oracle.*

2 GENTLEMEN, I'm a tradesman, and live in reasonable good credit amongst my neighbours; I follow my business, and by my labour, together with God's blessing, I procure a competent maintenance for my family. My common expence doth not exceed two pence a day, except occasioned by a relation, or some other person for, or in whom I have either esteem or interest, and yet I am under the misfortune of having a wife, that will often upbraid me with drunkenness and idleness, both which I am utterly averse to. Now I desire to know, whether after all other methods used in vain, I may not make use of stripes in order to the bringing her to a more prudent behaviour: I look upon't as matter of conscience, and therefore desire your speedy answer, which if you grant, you will infinitely oblige your very humble servant.

A. Stripes! no Sir, by no means, unless you have a mind to fall under the displeasure of women in general. Get a pretty little padlock for her tongue, and then it will be troublesome to move it without disobliging the inhabitants of her mouth; or if that won't do, draw a tooth once a day, or after every lecture; or lastly, procure a preferment for her in bedlam, and then you may promise your self a little quiet.

On Variety.

I'LL live no more single, but get me a wife,
For change says poor *Tom*, is the comfort of life.
A wife then he got, and no mortal could be,
A few weeks after marriage, more happy than he.
But when children and squalling began to encrease,
And a loud scolding doxy molested his peace,
I wish.

I wish in my heart, I was quit of my wife ;
For change says poor *Tom*, is the comfort of life.

Spoke by a Gentleman who was most grievously perplexed with a Scolding Wife.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding sheets, and in a shroud,
How can a marriage state then be accus'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first. —
Women to cards may be compar'd; we play,
A round or two when us'd we throw away,
Take a fresh pack nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty leaving. —

A good wife is the gift of the Lord, and a good thing, and rarely to be found, said the wisest of men; and we have great reason to believe him, because the first man *Adam*, the righteous lot, the faithful *Abraham*, the meek *Moses*, the strong *Sampson*, the wise *Solomon*, the zealous *Peter*, the philosopher *Socrates*, the orator *Cicero*, were all overpowered or afflicted with women: yet the grace of God, and the rules of christianity, hath been able to make some wives so good, that they have been an honour to their sex, and a comfort and crown to their husbands. — See volume 1st page 189, of a good wife, and page 192, of a bad wife. Let all married persons learn these following rules; 'please and be 'pleased, bear and forbear, wink and forgive: a short lesson! but if well remembred, it will increase the number of happy couples, restore good harmony in families, and man and wife will not be distinguished by characters quite opposite to the end of their state.

—— may you meet with a wife who is not stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense! may she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! a woman thus accomplished, will be
always

always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor dejected with adversity. You will find in her an even, chearful, good-humour'd friend; and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men, into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she plays upon an instrument, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitude, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

— A mother who vast pleasure finds;
 In forming of her children's minds;
 In midst of whom, with great delight,
 She passes many a winter night;
 Mingles in every play to find,
 What byas nature gave the mind;
 Resolving thence to take her aim,
 To guide them to the realms of fame,
 And wisely make those realms their way,
 To those of everlasting day.
 Each boistrous passion she'd controul,
 And early humanize the soul;
 In simple tales beside the fire,
 The noblest notions would inspire:
 Her offspring, conscious of her care,
 Transported hung around her chair.

Of scripture heroes she would tell,
 Whose names they'd lisp, e'er they cou'd spell,
 Then the delighted mother smiles,
 And shews the story on the tiles.
 At other times, her themes would be,
 The sages of antiquity,
 Who left a glorious name behind,
 By being blessings to their kind.
 Again she'd take another scope,
 And tell of *Addiso* and *Pope*,
 Conversing with your sprightly boys,
 Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys.
 With what delight I've heard you quote!
 Their sayings in imperfect note!
 I grant, in body and in mind,
 Nature appears profusely kind.
 Trust not to that. Act you your part,
 Imprint just morals on your heart;
 Impartially their talents scan:
 Just education forms the man.
 Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
 Each lot of life's already thrown;
 That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
 The last assert the church's right.
 I censure not the fond intent;
 But how precarious is th' event!
 By talents misapplied and crost,
 Consider all your sons are lost.
 One day (the tales by martial penn'd)
 A father thus address'd his friend.
 To train my boy and call forth sense,
 You know I've stuck at no expence;
 I've try'd him in the several arts,
 (The lad no doubt hath latent parts,)
 Yet trying all he nothing knows;
 But crablike rather backward goes.

Teach

Teach me what yet remains undone ;
 Tis your advice shall fix my son.
 Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter ;
 Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter ;
 Make him (nor think his genius check'd)
 A herald or an architect.
 Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
 He heard th' advice, and took his own,
 The boy wants wit ; he's sent to school,
 Where learning but improves the fool ;
 The college next must give him parts,
 And cram him with the liberal arts.
 Whether he blunders at the bar,
 Or owes his infamy to war,
 Or if by licence or degree,
 The sexton share the doctor's fee,
 Or from the pulpit by the hour,
 His latent parts he there doth pour,
 We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
 A taylor or a butcher spoil'd.
 Thus ministers have royal boons
 Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons :
 In spite of nature, merit wit,
 Their friends for every post were fit.
 But now let ev'ry muse confess,
 That merit finds it's due success :
 Th' examples of our days regard,
 Where's virtue seen without reward ?
 Distinguish'd and in place you find,
 Desert and worth of every kind.
 Survey the rev'rend bench, and see
 Religion, learning, piety :
 The patron, e'er he recommends,
 Sees his own image in his friends,
 Is honesty disgrac'd and poor,
 What is't to us what was before ;
 If the potatoes taste delights,
 Or the red carrots sweet invites,

We

We all of times corrupt have heard,
 When paltry minions were prefer'd,
 When all great offices by dozens;
 Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins,
 What matter ignorance and pride,
 The man was happily ally'd.
 Provided that his clerk was good,
 What tho' he nothing understood;
 In church and state the simple race
 Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
 Such heads as then a treaty made,
 Had bungle'd in the cobbler's trade.
 Consider patrons, that such elves,
 Expose your folly with themselves,
 'Tis yours, as 'tis the parents care,
 To fix each genus in it's sphere.
 Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
 But never give a blockhead sense.

*Of conferring favours on ungrateful persons,
 a Fable.*

A Gard'ner of peculiar taste,
 On a young hog his favour plac'd,
 Who fed not with the common herd,
 His tray was to the hall prefer'd,
 He wallow'd underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
 Who fondly stroak'd him every day,
 And taught him all the puppies play;
 Where e'er he went, the grunting friend
 Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
 As on a time the loving pair
 Walk'd to tend the garden's care,
 The master thus address'd the swine;
 My house, my garden all is thine;
 On turnips feed when e'er you please,
 And riot in my beans and peas.

Indulge thy morn and evening hours:
 But let due care regard my flow'rs.
 My tulips are my garden's pride,
 What vast expence those beds supply'd:
 The hog by chance one morning roam'd
 Where with new ale the vessels foam'd;
 He munches now the steaming grains,
 Now with full swill the liquor drains:
 Intoxicating fumes arise,
 He reels, he rolls his winking eyes,
 Then staggering thro' the garden scow'rs,
 And treads down ranks of painted flow'rs,
 With delving snout he turns the soil,
 And cools his palate with the spoil.
 The master came, the ruin spy'd,
 Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd:
 Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
 My charge, my only charge forgot;
 What all, my flow'rs! no more he said,
 But gaz'd and sigh'd, and hung his head.
 The hog with flattering speech returns,
 Explain, Sir, why your anger burns;
 See there, untouch'd your tulips frown,
 For I devour'd the roots alone!
 At this the gard'ners passion grows;
 From oaths and threats he fell to blows;
 The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
 Assaults the leg, and tears his veins.
 Ah foolish swain, too late you find,
 That flies were for such friends design'd!
 Homeward he limps with painful pace,
 Relucting thus on past disgrace;
 Who cherishes a brutal mate,
 Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

The

The well disposed Youth's desire of wisdom.

UNTO thee, wisdom, to thy sacred shade
 I humbly bend, imploring of thy aid.
Minerva, gentle Goddess, lend an ear
 Unto thy youthful suppliants earnest prayer.
 Some chuse for pleasure, riches gaudy train,
 And think all blessings are compriz'd in gain.
 Ambition some with eager fury fires,
 They know no joy but that which fame acquires,
 And some there are whom gentler passions move,
 That think all happiness depends on love.
 These transports, all a visionary scene,
 That are to-day; to-morrow that have been
 Are gone and past. Oh may we not despise
 The world and all its transitory joys!
 Yet there is one, one blessing that I crave,
 The only one that I desire to have;
 Oh grant me that, an empire o'er my mind,
 A soul that not to temporal life confin'd,
 May fly at large, to wisdom's search resign'd }
 That in pursuit of knowledge e'er employ'd,
 Can never of itself be pall'd and cloy'd:
 Like the sick mind, that with more trifling toys,
 And various change of momentary joys,
 Fatigu'd and spent, it wishes on the years,
 And sinks in spleen beneath imagin'd cares.
 But he that is with perfect knowledge blest,
 That is of wisdom's sacred gem possess'd,
 Wishes each moment back, as time rolls on,
 T' improve his mind, a task which ne'er is done.
 The only soother to a human breast,
 Whenever with misfortune it's oppress'd,
 Is wisdom's aid, that teaches us to know,
 This transient life is but one scene of woe.
 And when we thro' this trackless path have run,
 After our journey thro' this maze is done,
 Eternal happiness we ever more shall have,
 If we spend well the talents that were gave.

The

Then grant me wisdom to direct my course,
 Wisdom to know; and to repel with force
 All the impatient fallies of my youth,
 That I may live in uprightness and truth.

An Evening Meditation.

HAIL evening, the skies how calm, how bright!
 Such scenes as these, to solemn thoughts invite.
 Come then my soul, this needful point discuss,
 When this frail body's levell'd with the dust;
 And soon it may, perhaps this very night,
 What will you do; are your accounts all right;
 The heavens shall fall, the earth no more revolve,
 Yon stars go out, the globe itself dissolve;
 But thou'rt immortal, and when time's no more,
 Eternity's vast regions must explore.
 Hark! the bell tolls, some fellow soul is gone,
 To take the wages due to what has done:
 Oh! that it may be good; but if its deeds
 Were bad, that soul to late for mercy pleads.
 The grave knows no repentance or device,
 But as we die, we must to judgment rise.
 An awful truth—improve the present hour,
 To highest purposes, whilst in your power,
 Delays are dangerous,—if you now decline
 To make your peace, grace never more may shine.
 Now on past life impartially reflect,
 And where a mean low action you detect,
 Moan it to God; thy God your pray'rs will hear,
 Count ev'ry sigh, and wipe each contrite tear,
 Pardon your crimes; and with your conscience
 leave,
 His peace which is more than all this world can give.
 Redeem the time; take wisdom for your guide,
 Nor dare, whate'er the bait to leave her side.
 Let custom plead in vain, let beauty smile,
 Nor wealth, nor titles, e'er your heart beguile.

Think

Think what is just ; fear only to do ill ;
 And, what's thy part, be sure with lustre fill.
 Then when you're call'd to you're native home,
 Tho' when most unexpected death shou'd come,
 You need not weep ; your labours then shall cease,
 Thy slumbers will be sweet, and thy awaking peace,
 For when the great decisive day shall come,
 When men and angels wait their final doom,
 Among the best, and greatest, thou shalt stand,
 In glory dress'd, and plac'd on *Christ's* right hand :
 'Till all is over : then take thy latest flight,
 To unutterable bliss, and everlasting light.

A Poem on the Beauties of Summer.

THE summer's morn unveils her eyes,
 And darksome shades dispels away ;
 The dawning glade shines round the skies,
 And *Phebus* smiles at new-born day.
 Around his orb the blushing east,
 With rosy streaks bedeck his rays ;
 Refulgent thus, he mounts from rest,
 And all his radiant beams displays.
 Intensely swift he circling moves,
 Around the skies with flaming blaze ;
 The great creator God above,
 Each day renews his constant race.
 Now pearly dew each flower spreads,
 And early flocks from coverts rise ;
 The verdant lawn they sporting tread,
 While western gales around 'em sighs.
 The lark with cheerful voice on high,
 Soaring up the ethereal way ;
 And view the far extended sky,
 With songs to greet the happy day.

The

The lusty swains their cottage leave,
And to their fleecy flocks repair,
And tune their pipes till dusky eve,
Diurnal with the tender care.

Bright Phœbus, now, the dew exhales,
And cheers the fainting languid flowers;
And smiling nature decks the vales,
Around the shady ambient bowers.

The feather'd tribes their voices raise,
Concordant with each other sing;
And while they love, they strive to praise
Their maker, Heaven's eternal King!

The trees expan'd their leaves around,
All in their bloom, and gay attire;
And Sylvan maids with garlands crown'd,
At thy approach, when love inspire.

The purling rills, and flow'ry meads,
Their yielding beauties spring around;
And nature all her sweetness spreads,
O'er the enamell'd verdant ground.

Extensive God! supream Essence!
Of nature's bounteous blooming store,
To thee I laud thy excellence,
And sing of thy Almighty power.

Of Man's dependance on his Creator.

THRO' all the various shifting scene
 Of life's mistaken ill or good,
 The hand of God conducts unseen,
 The beautiful vicissitude.

He portions with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To each their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
 Fix we our foot on fortune's ball,
 When most secure the coming hour,
 If he sees fit may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
 Gorg'd with affliction's deepest cup,
 Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
 His powerful arm can raise thee up.

Before his throne the poor, oppress'd,
 With slanderous rage, acquitted stand;
 He guides the exile to his rest,
 And country, in a foreign land,

His powerful consolations cheer,
 His smiles erect the afflicted head,
 His hand can wipe away the tear,
 That secret wets the widow'd bed.

All things on earth, and all in Heaven,
 On his eternal will depend;
 And all for greater good were given,
 Would man pursue the appointed end.

This be my care: to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be;
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fix'd my soul, my God, on thee.

It must needs be very surprizing to all, who thoughtfully consider the wonderful works of our bounteous Creator, that as none can forbear admiring them, so few seem sensible of the gratitude they owe to their infinite author. Most men herein act like the unpolite multitude, who, on seeing the cavalcade of some eminent nobleman, are so transported at the glittering trappings and furniture of his attendants, that they let the bountiful supporter of all this resplendent equipage pass on in his chariot unheeded. Such amazing stupidity as this, can certainly be derived from nothing, but the fixing our passions with too great earnestness and violence, on some earthly enjoyment, which for the present sits triumphant in our ideas, and seems to have all that is beautiful in the various beings of the unbounded universe, concentrated in it; till at last, when by a tedious series of years, we are convinced of its vanity, it is succeeded by the desire of something as promising, but as deceitful happiness as itself, it is evident to any, that in a tedious round of these unfruitful pursuits, our intellect must at last become so short-sighted, that it can form an idea of nothing delightful beyond those chimeras, it has always been conversant in, so stupified with constantly thinking on limited and

perishing objects, that it is amazed at the mention of a being infinite and eternal, and so used to the company of feeble and impotent agents, that it starts at the notion of one whose will can execute all things. And the longest period of human life is so short and fleeting, that it is not possible a man can have tried all the various schemes of happiness, which too credulous mankind are tormented in the pursuit of, and upon perceiving their emptiness, exalted his wishes to nobler objects, before the strength and vigour of his faculties begin visibly to decline; when those thoughts, that the soul should employ in reflecting and reasoning, have for ever lost their power of assisting her. And the wretched mind is as much distracted with bodily diseases and infirmities, as it was formerly with the different pursuits of bewitching pleasures and uneasy honours. Since then all the stages of life are so improper for obtaining a just and regular knowledge of what is the consummate happiness, and ought to be the darling desire of the human soul, how diligent ought we to be in the early bloom of our age, carefully to cultivate our minds, and guard them against the first approaches of those tormenting passions, which, when they have once got the ascendant over our minds, depress them so low that they can never soar to their glorious origin. Let us thoughtfully observe, how uneasy and little satisfied, all we are acquainted with will appear after the enjoyment of those things, they have been most violent in the pursuit of; reflecting also how all our own most promised wishes, from the first moment we are capable of forming any, have after attainment discovered themselves to be airy visions. When we have thus formed to ourselves, a just idea of the emptiness of our present transient happiness, the mind will then,

then, without question, presently begin to make enquiry about that which is more solid, and capable of answering that unbounded appetite for pleasure, which is so natural to the soul of man; and so we cannot possibly miss of finishing all our pursuits, and fixing all our pleasures, in the pious love of the only beauteous and wonderful Creator of all things, who alone has charms, to gratify thinking beings, without end; which happy passion, when we have once acquired, we shall never, either by the allurements of men, or menaces of the most wicked be persuaded to quit.

Whether in *Dublin* I reside,
Or unto verdant fields retire:
O Lord, be thou my chiefest guide,
No greater comfort I desire.

Guide thou my steps where e'er I go,
On thy protection I depend,
Preserve me from each treach'rous foe,
Be thou, my God, my constant friend.

Of persons being unconcerned at the frequent deaths of their neighbours, and the happiness of a well regulated family.

OF all the reflections that the calm moralist has in his power to make on death, whether they are the casual topics of conversation, or introduced merely for want of argument, it is observed how rarely they make any impression on the heart; nay,

how seldom he that makes them himself is affected by them: in worldly concerns we see in him the same appearance of important hurry, the same hopes and fears with his contemporaries; yet it is still stranger that when we see such numbers of our fellow-creatures, every hour dropping into the gulph of Eternity; that we never once strive to recollect our scattered thoughts or think seriously on it, till solicitude for our own approaching death rouses us to a sensibility. Custom, as it habituates the body to carry a weight with ease, which at first it would have sunk under, makes us every day less affected by, and more familiar with sights, which in the infancy of our passions, we could not have looked upon without horror: we can find no other reason for the general unconcern which we every where see but this; the death of others we no longer regard as a silent warning to ourselves, to prepare for that state where we must one day be, and our sorrow is indeed seldom more lasting than the ties of blood or connexions of friendship are broken; for even then, tho' we bear about us the trappings of mourning, a few days reconcile us to them, and we are no more moved by the cause, than by any other trifling occurrence that took its turn and was remembered no more. Let him, who is unmoved and can hear without one serious thought, of the deaths of those around him, and consider them as only clearing the too crowded stage of life, and making way for his own merit to appear; repair to the bed of death, and take a lesson from some dying friend; the only one that will, perhaps, sink deep enough in him, and bestow on him that conviction which he would otherwise seek in vain; I would not have him expect it from one whose race is run, and who has been tired of life long before

before he was freed from it; such a one, we suppose, has long expected it, and regretted the loss of its enjoyment before the thought was suggested by the approach of death; in them it is that we look for, and often wonder why it comes no sooner; there is not that unwillingness to go hence, nor that agonizing struggle that tears the soul from the body: let him rather look for it from the sight of the last moments of some young acquaintance; who in the midst of his successes, in the meridian of life, is called to render up an early account; there he may see the mind in the midst of uncertainty and inquietude; sometimes depressed to a state too like despair, and sometimes distracted at the thoughts of those he must leave; no longer flattery has access to his heart, no longer through pride is it proof against the admonitions of conscience; all the happiness he is then in a capacity to receive, he must have from the remembrance of what good he has done, and all that has tended to decorate life, all the flowers he has selected from learning, and all the ambition to please, he will consider no more as objects of desire, and rather with the time employed in the pursuit, had been set aside for the cultivation of solid virtue. The contemplation of this would be making some advantage of death, and excite in us a kind of useful terror, we should then have the satisfaction to think, we went not away from that melancholy scene unimproved, nor reflecting on the good it had done, be ashamed of being conscious that fear had done that, where persuasion would have failed. These reflections, when it should be our own lot, would sooth the bed of death, give us leave without terror, to look down the precipice from whence we must shortly fall, prepare us, without confusion, to

attend to the definitive sentence, and sustain with resignation, the pang, which attend our final dissolution. Since then, the thought of those we are to leave behind, is so likely to be our last, we ought surely to leave them, as the remembrance of them may not approach us ; to recollect in time the injuries we have done to each of those, whose merit, through envy, we have been blind to, or whom we have injured ; for though part of our life is only made up of trifling occurrences, in these, we may give equal proofs of our justice or depravity, as in things of greater moment ; and though amidst the hurry of business, they may be little attended to or forgot, in the hours of sickness, they will revive and aggravate the horrors of repentance ; let us then, while we have yet the power of choice, do that justice to every man's character, which the fear of death will at last extort from us ; and while we are yet in health, remember we are here, not here only to live for ourselves, but to make their lives easy, whom fortune has made dependant on us. To a mind that has the least tincture of humanity, the least feeling for the sufferings of others, there cannot be a spectacle more shocking and disagreeable, than to see those whose blood, fame, fortune and interests are united, and whose good offices should therefore be mutual, torn to pieces by jealousies, hatred and division ; such scenes make us ashamed of our nature, and out of love with our very being. They give us the idea of a rude and uninformed world, the antient chaos of matter, where all the elements were mixed together, and nothing reigned but discord, darkness and confusion, whilst on the other hand, a well regulated and happy family, where order and harmony are preserved, where peace and tenderness,

derness, love and affection reign, untainted by discord, unimbittered by strife and animosity, where there is a constant unwearied endeavour to serve and oblige each other, where the fears of death are so tempered by the hopes of future happiness, that all is regular and uniform; such a family, must doubtless, be a sight worthy of that great creator, who formed the members of it, and an emblem, though an imperfect one, of the whole frame of nature, the glorious fabric of the universe, built by the divine architect, whose supreme wisdom so ordained its amazing simmetry and proportion, that each part is perfect in itself, and at the same time contributes to the beauty, the magnificence, and the duration of the whole. How then, after all, are we to guard against every ill, and be prepared for every calamity, but by cultivating in our minds a settled good-will, and habitual benevolence! whatever makes us lovely will make us be beloved, and whatever tends to the peace and happiness of our fellow-creatures, must render us amiable in the sight of God; the prospect of death, with all its terrors, will by degrees, become less formidable to him who is clad in the armour of innocence, and all the calamities of this life will soon lose its bitterness, when put in competition with the pleasing hopes and expectations, of a better and more durable one.

Against Covetousness.

NOR ivory, nor *Indian* stuff,
 Nor gold adorns my gaudy roof;
 No cedar beams press costly stone,
 From quarries of the torrid Zone,
 Where burning rays the marble mould,
 And join the mass with flowing gold;
 No honest clients hang my rooms
 With purple stretch'd on *Tyrian* looms:
 But yet I make a fair pretence
 To honesty and innocence,
 And store of wit, and these compleat,
 And make me sought to by the great,
 This is my wealth, this all my store,
 Content, I do not ask for more;
 My greatest friends; O bounteous fate,
 How happy is my mean estate!
 Days push on days with equal pace,
 New moons still haste to the decrease,
 But you, e'en whilst the bell doth toll,
 And sadly warn thy flying soul,
 Rich stones provide, large piles you rear,
 Unmindful of your sepulchre:
 Thy moles, and thy *incroaching* mounds
 Remove thy floods to streighter bounds;
 For greedy you would seem but poor,
 Confin'd by nature's narrow shore:
 Nay more, you leap the sacred bounds,
 And seize your meaner clients grounds:
 No fence too high, no ditch too deep,
 For wealthy injury to leap.
 Expell'd by greedy avarice,
 The wife with her dear husband flies,

With

With all his goods, too weak defence
 For poor and injur'd innocence,
 Yet, after all our toil and heat,
 The fraud and treachery to be great,
 The last retreat the rich must have,
 The last and surest is the grave.
 What wouldst thou more? to swains and lords,
 An equal room just earth affords,
 Nor does she treat a prince's bones
 With greater reverence than a clown's:
 With equal pace, rich friend, impartial fate
 Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
 Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
 And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years,
 Night soon will seize, and, you must quickly go,
 Among the ghosts, and to the shades below,
 Where, once arriv'd, adieu to wine and love,
 And all the soft delights above.

A remarkable instance of covetousness in a common beggar. *Bristol, February 17, 1758.*—*Saturday* last died, in the 78th year of his age, *John Watkins*, commonly known by the name of *Black John*. He came of a reputable family in *Glostershire*, and said to have been heir to a considerable estate; but being refused the possession of it, he rashly made a vow, that he would never shave off his beard till he enjoyed it, which promise he kept to the day of his death. He supported himself by begging for near fifty years past, and frequently took up his lodgings in a glass-house, though he had a room at a house in *Temple street*; where, to the great surprize of all, after his death, was found upwards of two hundred hundred weight of silver and halfpence, besides a considerable quantity of gold, which he had amassed by the miserable occupation of

of a public beggar. A little before his exit, he desired that he might not be shaved, and obstinately refused to have his linen changed, or even to be removed from off the foul straw on which he lay,

Of Tiberius Constantinus, a prince remarkable for being charitable, and of his finding great treasure.

THE Roman Emperor, *Tiberius Constantinus*; a prince upright in justice, pure in life, and clear in conscience, who governed the whole Empire so prudently and sincerely, that no man was able to reprove him, if the histories which are written of him do not deceive us. *Paulus Diaconus* doth declare, that this emperor, *Tiberius*, spent so great treasures about repairing his palaces, and to redeem poor captives, to build hospitals, to erect monastries, to marry and provide for orphans and widows, in all which he was so bountiful, that sometimes he had not any thing left to maintain his royal estate and household. Truly, this was a blessed necessity; for nothing can be better bestowed, than that which is employed in the service of Christ, and to his poor members: and of this poverty, this emperor was not ashamed, but thought it a great glory. For God never forsakes them, that for his sake becomes poor, as it appeareth by this, it chanced one day, that this Emperor, *Tiberius*, walking in the midst of his palace, he espyed under his feet a marble stone, which was in the form like unto a cross: and because he thought
'twas

'twas not proper such a thing should be under foul and base feet, which was so victorious and triumphant a sign, he caused the same stone to be taken up, (not thinking any thing to be there under it) and immediately they found another stone, whereon was the figure or form of a cross, and this second being taken up, they found a third, in like manner, with a cross cut on it, and when that was taken up, at the bottom there was found a great treasure, which amounted to the sum of two millions of duckets, for which the good Emperor *Tiberius* gave thanks to Almighty God; and whereas he was liberal before, he was afterwards more liberal; for most of those treasures he distributed among the poor and needy people. It is thus written of him, Let therefore mighty kings and great potentates, and nobility, &c. see, read, and profit by this example, and let them think themselves assured, that by the giving of alms to the poor, they need not fear to become poor; for in the end the voluptuous man cannot call himself rich, nor the virtuous man call himself poor.—Charity is a duty of such universal obligation, that no one is exempt from the practice of it, more or less. Nay, so great a stress is laid on this capital virtue by *St. Paul*, 2 *Cor.* 8. 12. that he solemnly declares, unless our actions are seasoned therewith, be they otherwise ever so seemingly heroic, pious, or meritorious, yet are they of no force or efficacy in obtaining the favour of Almighty God; and this he enforces with such variety of expression, such extraordinary zeal, and flow of words, as shews it was not in the power of language, fully to express the high conceptions he had of its excellency and importance. Our blessed Saviour's whole life was one continued scene of mercy and charity. This duty

duty of charity is divided into two branches, one concerns the temporal, and the other the spiritual happiness of mankind. We shall consider that branch which concerns the temporal happiness of our fellow creatures, by exhibiting what properly lies in our power, towards supplying them with the necessaries and conveniencies of life. In this sense charity is the master-link of society, and is in its own nature, so productive of the like disposition in others, that every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts, *Proverbs* 19. 6. The holy scriptures directs us to give alms of such things as we have, *Luke* 11. 41. declares God loveth a chearful giver, *2 Cor.* 9. 7. *Blessed is he that considereth the poor*, *Psalms* 41. 1. The wise *Solomon* assures us, *he that giveth to the poor shall not lack*, *Proverbs* 28. 27. And, to put it beyond all dispute, that we can be no losers by it, asserts, *he that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord*, *Proverbs* 19. 7. *Tully* says, 'there is no thing more accommodate to the nature of man than liberality.' And *Seneca*, in his treatise of benefits, says, 'the very meditation of it breeds good blood and generous thoughts, and instructs us in all the parts of honour, humanity, friendship, piety, gratitude, prudence and justice.' By all which it appears, that both sacred and profane writers concur in recommending this virtue of charity to our practice, by enforcing it with the strongest arguments; and seem, as it were, to vie which should describe it in the most charming and attractive dress. So ardent and diffusive was the charity of former days, that the numerous poor, were maintained and supported by the voluntary alms and contribution of well disposed persons, until the latter end of *Queen Elizabeth's* reign; at which time charity was grown so lukewarm, or rather cold,

cold, that the legislature was obliged to make a political provision for the maintenance of the poor, by a tax, compelling those that were able, to contribute towards the relief of the indigent, in order to supply the want of that natural provision, by which they before subsisted. This method of providing for such as applied for relief, seems to have propagated another method, of private persons making a standing provision for the relief of those whose modesty or backwardness in discovering their unhappy circumstances, kept them from receiving any benefit by this legal provision; that of dividing lands or money by will, for charitable uses, to continue for ever (as it is usually expressed) which although in such persons as have been charitable and beneficent in their life-time, it hath proceeded from a pious intention; yet in those of plentiful fortunes, who have lived niggardly and avariciously without regarding the poor, and have, notwithstanding this, been very liberal, and as it may be said, profusely bountiful unto them by will; it hath strongly favoured of ostentation, and sometimes of revenge; for what other intention can such men have, but to perpetuate a name, or to defeat the hopes and expectations of those, whose nearness of blood or relation, friendship or obligation, would otherwise have intitled them to have become sharers of such unalienated wealth: and this, perhaps, because they wanted the skill, and had not baseness sufficient to please a humourist, by flattery; or, lastly, to appease the wrath of an offended God; flattering themselves, by this means, to atone for a sordid and mispent life. Besides, testamentary charities are frequently settled in the testator's illness, under great weakness and distress both of body and mind; sometimes by the influence and persuasion, and at other times by the fraud and imposition of crafty
and

and designing men. It shews an excellent and christian-like disposition, to see those who are possessed of affluence, diffusing their kindness whilst they are in this life, to their indigent brethren. *Ecclesiasticus* 14. 13. Do good unto thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability, stretch out thy hand and give to him. Our kingdom of *Ireland* abounds with gentlemen of public spirit and hospitality, as is evident in the large sums given by our Parliament for the public good. The Incorporated Society in training up destitute youth in the principles of religion, and being useful to the community, and the *Dublin* Society in giving many premiums for the encouragement of ingenuity and industry, and having taken notice of these particulars, I cannot forget an *Eng'ish* Gentleman, who is of superior dignity in the church, and with whom I am personally acquainted, to my great comfort and satisfaction, having often experienced his favours; I mean the Reverend Sir *Philip Hoby*, Bart. who is universally known to be extensively charitable.

Since my reflection of the preceding particulars, a noble instance of christian generosity has diffused itself through this City of *Dublin*, by the bounty of his Excellency, *George*, Earl of *Halifax*, Lord Lieutenant Gen. and Gen. Gov. of the Kingdom of *Ireland*. His Excellency gave ten pounds *sterling* to the church-wardens of each parish, to be distributed to the most indigent and necessitous poor, without distinction, and ten pounds to the Four Courts marshalsea, and ten pounds to the City marshalsea, ditto to *Meath-street* marshalsea, and the same to the marshalsea of St, *Sepulchres*, and ten guineas towards the support of the children of seamen, educated in St. *Andrew's* parish; and many

many other liberal bounties. And his Excellency ordering his family to appear in *Irish* manufacture, on the Queen's birth day, are excellent examples to succeeding governors. It may be objected, that there is no manner of occasion to remark these particulars, they being already well known all over the Kingdom, but my reason for mentioning his Excellency's extraordinary kindnesses is, that his name may be rever'd and his family honoured to succeeding generations, and in foreign nations; for my former volumes have to my knowledge been dispersed to several parts of *America*, *Africa*, and many parts of *Europe*.

We may take notice of the wide difference there is between a person's distributing to the poor in his life-time, and reserving his charity to be disposed of after his death; between parting with what he hath no power to keep longer, and parting with that which he hath not only a power to keep longer, but also a soul to enjoy the same himself, had he not a stronger propensity and inclination to support the wants of others. The former is a lively practical, voluntary charity; the latter is but a languishing, inactive, and a kind of forced donation; or, rather, the one is properly his gift; the other, at best, is but his leaving. — The right hand of him that is truly charitable, knows not what his left-hand giveth, but the other publishes to the whole world by his will, what he gives with both his hands. He who is charitable in his life-time, has opportunities of disposing his benevolence to those he thinks proper objects, and of enquiring into the application, and rectifying any abuse of it, by those whom he entrusts the disposal of it; he will also vary it as exigencies require, and has the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing and relish-

relishing the fruits and happy effects of it. He lifts up the drooping head, and cheers the dejected countenance; he deals his bread to the hungry, and restores the mournful and afflicted prisoner to his much-desired liberty. Whereas, he that reserves his charity to be disposed of by will, parts not with it while his breath remains; but, as the one expires, the other commences: it passes from one dead hand into others; from one that can retain it no longer, to those who has no great reason to thank him for his gifts, that he could no longer withhold; as the tree falls, so it lies; what he meant as an obligation, is claimed as a debt; and what he intended should perpetuate his memory, often serves but to stir up the pride, and exercise partiality and covetousness of those, who have the dispensing power of it. It is universally agreed, that charities ought to be applied according to the directions and intentions of the benefactor; and should ever be construed, agreeable to the rules of right reason and religion. The abuses of charity are of various kinds, and relates either to the intrusted dispenser, the receiver, or the thing given. First; this dispenser ought to have an honest intention, to have no by-ends, and to be free from all partiality and covetousness. Secondly, the receiver ought to be properly qualified, as to the circumstances of age, place of abode, sex, poverty, &c. And, thirdly, the thing given, ought to be disposed of, especially at the time appointed, and not to be converted into any thing of a different nature, or distributed at any other time, at the pleasure, or for the advantage of him, who happens to be the dispenser. Thus, if the dispenser chiefly consults his own profit, by disposing of their charity, so as it may most conduce to his own self-interest.

interested private views, whether it be by contriving an immediate or remote benefit to himself, or by way of recompence or inducement to one he has already gained, or expects to gain by, or by disposing of it among such as receive alms of the parish, to save his own pocket; or if he bestows it in such a manner, as may most magnify himself, and display his own power; these are all sinister practices, and do grossly pervert the charity, by making merchandize even of the poor. Again, if the receiver is known to be an idle, extravagant, or dissolute person, this is a misapplication of the charity; unless it be with some prospect of making a reformation in him; because that will probably be applied to an ill use, which was intended to relieve the necessities of the industrious, the frugal, and the virtuous. And, lastly, if the charity was directed to be given in money, it is an abuse to dispose of it in bread, meat, cloth, or the like; because it may not at that time so well suit the wants of the party, and because it is expressly contrary to the will of the benefactor; neither should that be distributed in summer, which was appointed to be given in winter, for the same reason. Many more ways of abusing charities, might be here enumerated; but these being the most common and notorious, may suffice at present. One would think no man, who perceives the great iniquity of these practices, would be guilty of them. It is an antient and just observation, that a benefit misapplied, turns to a crime; and he who wilfully and knowingly, or for any by-end, perverteth a charity, endeavours to frustrate and destroy its efficacy; and to make that serve the basest, which would otherwise serve the noblest purposes; and that he, like the father of mischief, converts good into evil. The proper time of be-
flowing

flowing charities, and the best method of curing or lessening these abuses is, let every one do all the good he can in his life-time; for in this he acts like a merciful man, doing good to his own soul, *Proverbs* 11. 17. and moreover he will by this means, be a constant check on the dispenser, preserve an awe on the behaviour of the receiver, and, finally, baffle and disappoint the deluding snares of him, who is the most artful tempter, the cruel betrayer, and the most formidable enemy of mankind. The many diffusive, noble, national, lively and spirited charities, now on foot, in the metropolis and capital cities in this kingdom, are striking examples of extraordinary goodness, which we may justly think have been highly instrumental (through the blessing of Almighty God;) in our late signal deliverances from, and successes over our inveterate enemies.

*On the Death of the late Reverend Doctor
Lawson, who was remarkable for preach-
ing excellent charity sermons, and conse-
quently exciting liberality.*

IS *Lawson* dead;—lie envy in the grave;
Envy—thou coward vice;—the wise and
brave
Indignant, spurn thy sway;—in generous breasts,
No levelling degrading rancour rests,
Their kindred minds with emulation swell,
Yet love the rival, whom they can't excel.

For

For thee, then shall my tears unfeigned flow,
Mingled with grateful streams, which thousands
owe.

For thee—the drooping friends of virtue mourn,
For thee—whose lips ev'n virtue could adorn ;
For thee—the helpless orphan smites his breast,
For thee—known advocate of the distress'd !
He wrings his little hands, and weeping cries,
Who now, alas !—shall burst the cruel ties,
Of frozen, curst, unfeeling avarice. }
Who now—in melting accents speak our need ;
Cold is the heart, which once made others bleed ;
Mute is the tongue which pleaded for our bread,
And soft persuasion, with his breath is fled,
For thee, pale piety, with heaving sigh,
Lifts up to Heaven, her supplicating eye,
Dreading the test prophane, a deist's scorn,
Now you, her champion, from her side art torn.
No more, her sons—now hope the mental feast
Of heavenly truths, in heavenly words express'd ;
No more—they feel seraphic transports rais'd ;
No more—of doubts, by clear conviction eas'd,
But weekly look with anguish on the place,
Which late, thy winning eloquence did grace.
So when *Rome's* patriots—on the rostrum spy'd
Their *Tully's* limbs—in bloody triumph ty'd,
They gaz'd, they wept, each hung his pensive
head,
And sighing cried—our friend, our leader's dead.

With energy divine, he oft
The orphan's cause did plead ;
The most obdurate hearts made soft,
And forc'd from them their aid.—

Hibernia,

Hibernia, cease, your doleful harp unstring,
Hear nobler strains, the babes and widows sing,
Great *Lawson's* praise, their sweeter sounds proclaim,

His unmatched worth, and canonize his name.
The tuneful lyre may dare to extol his sense,
His candour, sweetness, and his eloquence;
But who can paint his zeal, not *Dunkin's* pen,
Describe it, Heaven, the task's too great for men.
Silent, that tongue, with truths divine which
charm'd,

And th' chill'd heart with true compunction warm'd,
Who, saint-like, spoke the state of sinful men,
Shew'd life's short blaze, from short life's transient
span;

With heavenly influence, against vice declaim'd,
And sinners from their impious ways reclaim'd.
When he promulg'd God's reverential law,
He mov'd his audience with respect and awe;
With angel eloquence each period flow'd;
And *Lawson* like a *Paul* with rapture glow'd,
When he the good of charity recites,
To pity he the melting soul excites,
When wing'd with extasy, would soar on high,
And floods of tears gush'd from the weeping eye.
What muse advent'rous can attempt to paint;
This good man, pious preacher, and the saint,
Whose mind benevolent with virtues fraught,
Practis'd those precepts he so often taught;
In cypress clad, extends his thoughts to skies,
Bewails her pious son with pensive cries:
The people's voice, the voice of God proclaim,
Speak him inspir'd with true seraphic flame.
Now from this earthly vale he must expire,
To share the bliss of Heaven's angelic choir,

And

And their eternal hymns of praise and love,
 Known to the blessed cherubims above.
 Dissolv'd in joy, the throne of grace surround,
 And with extatic voice, *Hosannab's* sound ;
 Peace to his shade, from labour now at rest,
 Blest amongst Seraphims, and Cherubs blest.

On the Reverend Mr. Hervey, his Meditation on the Tombs ; the Flower Garden and the Starry Heavens.

NOW *Hervey's* dead, and will no muse proclaim,

The honours due to his distinguished name ;
 O! early gone to seek the blissful skies,
 E'er *Isaack* knew her pastor's worth to prize ;
 But now laments thy too, too early fate,
 And mourns each day for her declining state ;
 Thus, *Jacob's* sons (a most rebellious race)
 Refus'd great *Moses's* counsels to embrace,
 While living ; but when to Heaven restor'd,
 Bemoan'd their loss of him, whose mem'ry they
 ador'd.

If to the silent tomb, our thoughts would stray,
 And their divinely awful pomps survey,
 Celestial creature ! lead thou the solemn way :
 There learn from thee to scorn the things of
 earth,

And there anticipate our heavenly birth.
 If gayer scenes to gayer thoughts invite,
 And in a flow'ry garden we delight ;

We're

We're taught by thee, in our reflections, there,
 To breathe for him who is originally fair,
 When thro' the shades the silent moon displays,
 The pleasing lustre of her silver rays,
 When weary mortals seek for soft repose,
 And tyrant breasts, their tyrant minds compose;
 How sweet with thee to walk the humble vale,
 While contemplation our calm souls regale.
 Or would we chuse the heavenly realms to trace,
 Where stars unnumb'ed the blue Ether grace;
 While *Galileo* measures their vast size,
 And *Newton* their vast distances descries;
 We'll follow thee, and celebrate God's praise,
 Congenial to the songs which angels raise.
 In *Theron's* sylvan scenes, and sweet retreats,
 (Of heavenly friendship the delightful seats)
 Hear good *Aspasio*, in a holy flame,
 The great Redeemer's wond'rous love proclaim:
 Who left his throne in the blest realms of day,
 To dwell with sinners in a robe of clay;
 Bore their infirmities, and dy'd their death,
 And did to them the glorious gift bequeath,
 Of his own righteousness; that they, thro' grace,
 Might be partakers of immortal Happiness,

A Poem

A Poem on Benevolence.

HAIL, source of transport, ever new!
 Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
 I taste a joy sincere;
 Too vast for little minds to know,
 Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of Man!
 From thee felicity began,
 Which still thy hand sustains;
 By thee sweet peace her empire spread,
 Fair science rais'd her laurel'd head,
 And discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sun-beams flies,
 Thro' peopled earth and starry skies,
 All nature owns thy nod:
 We see thy energy prevail,
 Thro' being's ever rising scale,
 From nothing even to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart,
 With plagues and ever burning smart,
 Thy charms divine expel;
 Aghast, she shuts her livid eyes,
 And, wing'd with ten-fold fury, flies
 To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
 In blessing others only blest,

With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein;
Thro' ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish controul,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair virtue's mortal bane,
The soul contracting thirst of gain,
My faintest wishes sway;
By her possess'd, e'er hearts refine,
In darkest depth shall mercy shine,
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow;
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormenter let me be,
And groan in helpless woe.

How blest with whom, tho' lowly born,
Divine benevolence shall dwell,
His humble virtues to adorn!
While pomp plays round his lonely cell,
No fruitless wish shall wound his breast,
No torturing envy banish rest,
While he, whose bounty fills the pregnant field
With spring's fair-herbage, and with autumn's
gold,
Who bids the rock refreshing waters yield,
And the tall blade her shining ear unfold,
Supplies

Supplies the little; nature's want requires,
And sweet benevolence and calm content inspires.

O may the boundless wish to bless,
By time or parties unconfin'd,
Inspire thee as in fond excess,
It fills the first all-gracious mind,
Whose favours, far diffusive fall,
Whose eye benignant smiles on all.

For thee, while seasons spread, profusely kind,
The carmine bed, or rosey-blooming bower!
That God of seasons, for the lowly hind,
Taught the wild furze to wear a golden flower;
Taught the poor slave that reaps the genial grain,
With joy to see it bloom, and sweep the loaded
plain.

True benevolence and sweetness of disposition which we call good manners, is, without all doubt, the first and best of virtues, because all the others are, in effect, no more than mere consequences which necessarily attend upon it.—None who are possessed of it are capable of doing a premeditated bad action:—premeditated, because the faults of inadvertency are liable to us all, and will not only be repented of, but repaired, when consideration resumes its place. But as amiable as hospitality, liberality, and charity are, in relieving such distresses as are in our power, yet are they all but exterior branches of that sublime tree, which, like *Jacob's* ladder, has its foot on earth, and its top above the skies; and however beneficial they may be to mankind, are yet infinitely short of that innate softness and sweetness, which not only diffuses a divine energy to the whole, but has peculiar fruits of its own. It is that interior complaisance, which will

not suffer us either to be angry with, or to despise those whose opinions may happen to be different from our own, whether it be in religion, politics, or any other thing.

A Father's Advice to his Son.

BE good with spirit, and with parts be just ;
 Be kind to all, love few and fewer trust,
 Let prudence seize what'er is learning's boast,
 But oh, for learning, be not virtue lost.
 Let mild humanity her aid extend ;
 God will repay what to men's wants you lend :
 Then shalt thou travel to that blest abode,
 Where virtuous men enjoy themselves with God.

Let your first action be, the lifting up your hands and mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditations, and thinking of him to whom you pray ; and use this at an ordinary or particular hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that thing, which you are accustomed to do at that time. Be courteous of behaviour and affable to all men, with universality of reverence, according to the dignity of the person ; there is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied ; so shall you make such a habit of well-doing, as you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Think upon every word you intend to speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath,

as it were, enclosed up the tongue with teeth, lips, and hair without the lips; and all betoken reins and bridles to the restraining the use of that member. Above all things seek the kingdom of God in whatever you do. Trust no man who is not religious: for he that is false to God, can never be true to man. No one can be truly happy without honesty and religion; which are the grounds and ends of all good men's actions.

Of great Patience.

BISHOP *Cooper's* wife, being a froward woman; she, lest her husband should prejudice his health by his over-much study, when he was compiling his famous dictionary, one day (in his absence) got into his study, and took all the notes he had been eight years a gathering, and burned them, whereof when she had acquainted him, he only said, woman, thou hast put me to eight years study more. Which is a remarkable instance of great patience.

The Lord guide us, the Angels guard us in all our ways, till we are got safe into that place, where we shall be satisfied with glories, which now we little know or comprehend, where we shall be sweetly surprized, and bravely entertained with joyous company, and glorious objects.

Of Meekness, &c.

A Meek heart and quiet spirit is in the sight of God (saith the apostle) of great price, and it may be added in the sight of man too; for it procures admiration, esteem, love, and contributes much to our peaceable enjoyment of this life: and therefore our Saviour hath annexed that blessing to this grace; *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth*: that is, they shall be exempt in great measure from the thorns and briars, the quarrels and law-suits, the ill effects of pride and revenge, which contentious men are commonly embroiled in.

If we reflect in the least upon human life, we must observe, that the several stages of it, are adapted and proportioned to the constitution of the mind, and the several offices which we must regularly perform, for the safety and advantage of the whole man. To distinguish life, by the year, into four seasons, childhood, youth, manhood, and age; the first is necessary for the subjection of passions, and first rudiments of science, curiosity then calling for information, as naturally as for food; the second for perfecting knowledge, performing our exercises, strengthening our morals, choosing our professions, pursuits, and fixing our attachment to friends, &c. the third is appropriated to matrimonial society, to the establishing our fortunes, and forming our characters; and the last stage is dedicated to retirement, to rest after our labours, to philosophic and religious contemplation, necessary to wean our attachments from this world, and to prepare us for an exit, without fearful apprehensions or regret.

Advice

Advice in respect of young Women.

OF all virtues, there are none ought more to be inculcated into the mind of a young woman, than modesty and meekness. Vanity and pride are perpetually endeavouring to force their way into the heart, and too much care cannot be taken to repulse their efforts :—The more she has of beauty, the less she ought to be told of it, and the stronger arguments made use of, to convince her of the little value she should set upon it. Flattery is a great enemy to the mind of a young woman ; it empoisons all the noble propensities, turns every thing to vanity, and makes her, instead of pleasing others, look on nothing but herself as worthy of being pleased—she flies the conversation of all those who deal sincerely with her, and is in raptures with such as tend to the praises of her beauty.—She swallows greedily the most gross and absurd encomiums, believes them all, and that she merits even more than can be said. In this imagination, blown up with self-conceit, she grows above all controul. Her words, her actions, are wholly under the direction of her own will, which influencing her only to the gratification of her passions and humour, what but ruin in its worst shape can be expected to ensue. It is disagreeable to see a mother encourage her children in what she calls spirit, and be rather pleased than offended at any pert behaviour they may be guilty of, especially when they are very young. She does not consider how the same spirit will grow with their years, and to what dangerous lengths it may one day transport them. It is a spirit not easily quell'd when once raised, and no parents should flatter themselves with

the power of doing it; for when too much lenity finds itself provoked to austerity, the person it is exercised upon, instead of being humbled by the change, becomes more perverse, and not seldom flies into open rebellion. It is, therefore, in the most early years of life we ought to begin to be instructed in the lessons of virtue, if it is expected we should practise them when arrived to more maturity.

Juvenal truly says,

Children, like tender oziers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.

Of the danger of sitting near doors or windows, in a room where there is a large fire, or many candles.

SIT not near a window or door in a room, where there are many candles, or a fire, for, the consumption of air, occasioned by their heat, will be always very considerable, which must necessarily be replaced by cold air through the windows or door, or through some other opening into the room: because there can no air come down the chimney; the warm stream of air, always rising therein, forbidding it. Therefore, let those, who sit near those openings; take care, and especially, if they be small, and the heat great; for, then it will pour in with more violence, and the pores

pores will be more liable to receive its noxious quality. To illustrate this caution with a familiar example. Hold a candle at the key hole of a door, or to a crevice in a room where there is a good fire, or many candles, and you will find a constant stream of wind enter thereat. Besides it is a rational observation, that our heels are often ready to freeze, while we sit before a good fire in winter, because there is a continual flux of cold air entering by the openings from without, and drawing towards the fire to make good the waste of the air, that goes up the chimney.—They that frequent public assemblies, should particularly remark this danger, to which they are very liable as they are more subject to frequent and alternate heats and colds.

On being asked what is honour.

YOU ask me what is honour; I know not,
Or whence it first did spring, or where
begot;

But this I understand, 'tis fashionable,
Some to be honours call'd, some honourable;
'Tis said that honour lies at point of sword;
Honour breeds no strife, honour breaks no word.
Perhaps it lies in riches, titles, dress;
Yes! there, indeed, who dares not but confess;
That honour's Kings create, we all must own;
'Tis honour that's attendant on the throne!
Some scholars say things go in common course;
What things uncommon are they make life worse;

For honour often introduces fashion ;
 What honour's that, when honour's in a passion ;
 Or when mechanick gently knocks at door,
 His honour's not at home, you may, therefore,
 Again call, and again, keep in suspense
 The modest mien, and harbour impudence.
 You'll say in honour there can be no flaw ;
 Yes, some are skreen'd from process of the law.
 Can honour then be sold ? yes, (by the bye) ;
 Gold, honour is in law, in equity ;
 Be right or wrong your cause, pence may prevail,
 When honour's power, no wonder right should
 fail ;
 At horse race, gaming, honour wagers lays,
 They're fairly won, for honour ne'er betrays :
 Whilst some will on their honour vouch, yea,
 swear,
 Mistrust my honour ! mistrust me to ensnare !
 At once to answer, and not to be prolix,
 Something like honour, next two lines may fix
 Honour and shame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies..

*An extract of a letter from a Colonel to a
 Lieutenant newly commissioned.*

S I R,

YOU are a man of property, and now enlisted
 to fight the cause of freedom, and of that
 monarch who has ever supported it. — You are a
 soldier. You are one of those on whom, under
 God, the life and liberty of this nation depend.
 Con-

Consider the dignity of your station. Consider the mighty trust reposed in you. Consider yourself, and it is scarcely possible you will err in your conduct. I am positive as to your personal courage, for your soul is humane and tender; but as your behaviour in this new scene of life is what I am not so certain of, your good nature will excuse a little advice, and attribute my particular maxims, more to the warmth of my friendship, than to any occasion you may have for them. To be an officer, there is no necessity of being inspired with supernatural talents. Common sense, and the deportment of a gentleman are sufficient. The knowledge of your duty, and the military art will come with time and experience, but a close application to the study is necessary. The love of the soldiers is the happiness of an officer; and to gain that love, the method is short and easy. Pay and punish where due, but never strike. Be free with your men, but suffer them not to be too free with you. An haughty over-bearing temper may, indeed, inspire them with fear, but never with affection. Treat them as men; and they will respect you as their officer; but at the same time, be careful that the non-commissioned officers act in the same manner, and support their proper authority, on which all duty and submission depends. Endeavour, as much as possible, to keep your men clean and decent; it gives spirits, and prevents drunkenness and debauchery. Drop in at their meals, taste their victuals, encourage them to keep good messes, and reprove where you find them remiss. Be assiduous to learn the exercise of a soldier, and keep your men diligent at it, yet so, as not to fatigue them unnecessarily. See that they punctually obey your commands, but be not too rigorous in trivial matters. It is certain, the men will soon find out the
genius

genius of their officers, and will never impose on play tricks, when they know they cannot do it with impunity. Make it a constant rule, to obey with alacrity and cheerfulness, every order of your superiors: such a conduct will add to your reputation and confirm your character. Slander and scandal sometimes insinuate themselves into camps, and too frequently attack the most deserving. Let me beg of you to turn the deaf ear to evil report, and not be speedily prejudiced against any man, much less your commanders. If an officer need not have all the wisdom of a Privy-councillor, he ought, at least, to have that part which enjoins secrecy. The *Spanish* proverb is good, 'In a closed mouth, no flies enter.' Execute your orders in silence, and let not the most distant hint, of the conduct of the army, escape from your lips or your pen. Should you know nothing particular, your words must be mere conjecture, and, in all probability quite wrong. Should a material circumstance come to your knowledge, what infamy must follow your disclosing it. Company and cheerfulness are absolutely necessary, but to drink to excess is inexcusable. The lives of thousands depend on the sobriety of their officers. How can a drunkard guide men truly, when his own legs mutiny, and refuse his command. Be charitable; be generous according to your power, but give not money too often to a soldier; when you think proper to reward or encourage, there are other ways more infinitely useful to them. Rise early, and examine your command; keep them reasonably employed, and under the strictest discipline: but let your own example keep pace with your precepts. Have all your affairs in so nice and exact an order, as to be always ready to march at a moment's warning. All men ought to accustom them-

selves

selves to regularity, but none requires it more than a soldier. Your natural good temper will prevent your giving offence to any one, and perhaps incline you to bear patiently those offered to you, but have a care, and, let what will be the consequence, permit no man to affront or insult — Should the least particle of contempt fall on you, quit a service, where you must do more harm than good. With regard to your present enemies. — Speak of them as men ; — As men of an unhappy education, led away by false maxims, and prejudic'd to erroneous principles. They are ought to be, our brethren. Let your humanity extend to them as far as safety and prudence will permit. If absolute and fatal necessity compels you to strike, let the sword fall from no other motive but the public good. — Let it be effectual, but instant. — In that unhappy case, drive every fearful weakness from your heart, and consider, that too much lenity and tenderness may be cruelty to your country. — The action, or necessary pursuit over, let clemency and compassion fill your breast. — Should you conquer, be all mildness and charity — comfort the prisoner, assist the wretched wounded : Speak peace to despairing Souls, and, if possible, shew them the joys of freedom and liberty. I do most sincerely recommend to you the service of God, and obedience to his ordinances. A righteous and a godly life is the best preparative for death. Tho' all ought, yet none should be more ready to obey that call than a soldier, — his life is every instant in a peculiar manner, at stake. — Think on this frequently, and your duty to God and man will certainly follow ; and the Almighty will reward you with peace, content, and happiness. — Into his hands I resign you, and most fervently pray.

pray him to crown your cause with victory, and to continue his mercy to this land to latest posterity.

I am, &c.

J. B.

A Description of the Tower of London.

THIS famous fort or citadel stands on the north bank of the river *Thames*, about eight hundred yards east from *London* bridge. That called the *White Tower* was built by *William* the Conqueror, in 1078, and the whole has been much enlarged by additional buildings, having been formerly the Royal Palace. In 1190, it was encompassed by a strong wall, and a ditch, in some places 120 feet broad. There are now so many buildings in it, with a parochial Church, that it resembles a town; *Edward* the 4th, added the bulwark, and the *Lions* tower in which are kept *Lions*, *Tygers*, *Leopards*, &c. the fortification are about a mile round, and command the city and river; here is a constant garrison kept; and the chief officer is stiled constable of the tower of *London*, under whom are a deputy lieutenant and other officers. The gentleman porter commands forty warders, who wait at the gates, and admit no strangers with their swords. He delivers the keys every night to the constable, who has great power and privileges. The right honourable the Lord *Cornwallis* is the present constable of the Tower. There are twenty one Hamlets, in *Spittlefields* and other out parts, belonging to the Tower who have a distinct civil government, having their own justices.

fices of the peace, who hold Petit and quarter
 sessions, as in other places. The constable of the
 Tower is also Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum*
 of the Tower Hamlets, whose trained bands, con-
 sisting of about four thousand men, are bound, at
 his command, to come and strengthen the garri-
 son. The Tower is also the chief prison for cri-
 minals in matters of state, and *Tower-hill* the place
 where they are commonly beheaded. The most
 remarkable things here are, first the White Tower,
 already mentioned, which was almost new rebuilt
 in 1637 and 1638, and where is a vast magazine
 of powder, match, swords, great guns, &c. Second,
 the jewel house, where are kept the imperial and
 state Crowns, the former never used but at
 Coronations; likewise the jewels and other Rega-
 lia belonging to the Crown, as the Sceptre, Crown,
 Globe, &c. Third the Mint for coining money,
 Fourth, the horse armoury, with the figures of fif-
 teen of our Kings, since *William* the Conqueror,
 curiously represented as large as life, on horse-
 back, richly armed *Cap a-pee*; and some of their
 horses have armour, six of them is represented
 with their guards. Here are many suits of ar-
 mour, one of them *John* of Gaunt, seven foot and
 a half high, and another the Lord *Kingsale's*, with
 the sword he took from a *French* General; for
 which he and his posterity has the honour of being
 covered in the King's presence. Fifth, the grand
 store house, for the finest and largest artillery, a
 specious building of brick and stone, in which
 among many others, are six very large mortars,
 each of which carries a bomb of five hundred
 pound weight, one that shoots nine shells at a
 time; an engine for discharging many musket
 balls at once; twenty new brass guns, thirty two
 hundred three quarters fourteen pound each, in-
 scribed

scribed to Queen *Anne* and the Duke of *Marbrough*; an engine of small mortars, which shoots thirty shells at once; a gun that discharges seven balls out of as many bores; a curious gun made for Prince *Henry*, the workmanship of which cost two hundred pounds, besides quantities of arms taken from foreign enemies and rebels. There is a vast number of cannon, mounted on carriages, among which are fifty pieces of brass, and the greatest being about seven thousand pound weight, and carry each a sixty three pound ball. There is also a proportional quantity of other materials belonging to a train of artillery; and on *Tower Wharf* are sixty one guns in a range, fast in the ground, which are discharged on all public occasions, and sometimes those on the ramparts, fix the new armoury, a spacious room over the fore mentioned store-house, with a curious arsenal of small arms for sixty thousand men, kept very clean and beautifully disposed in various figures. On the south side of the Tower is a large water-gate for the receipt of vessels, under a stone bridge; and beyond it a postern with a draw-bridge, seldom let down, but to receive great prisoners of state brought hither by water, and therefore called *Traitors Bridge*. In the Tower are kept the ancient records of the courts of justice at *Westminster*, the originals of all laws, all the achievements, of the nation in *France*, &c. leagues and treaties with foreign princes and states, the records for establishing of *Ireland*, the dominion of the *British* seas, the *English* title to the kingdom of *France*, the foundations of religious houses, the tenures of all lands in *England*, surveys of manors, lands and inquisitions, grants from the crown, the just establishments of all the offices in the nation, and the bounds of all its forests,

forests, with the rights of the inhabitants to common or pasture, &c.

A Description of Westminster-Bridge.

WESTMINSTER *Bridge* being esteemed by all judges in architecture, to be the most curious structure of its kind in *Europe*, the following is the account of it as delivered to his Majesty in *June*, 1751. This bridge is four hundred and eight yards in length, fifteen yards in breadth; the passage for foot passengers is seven feet, being raised one foot from the carriage road, to prevent accidents, &c. It has fifteen arches, the center arch being seventy six feet wide, and fourteen piers obstruct the passage of the water three hundred and fifty three feet, and leave a free course of water, eight hundred and seventy feet, which is four times more than between the sterlings of *London Bridge*, which give room for a sufficient passage of water, without any fall; by which care all country barges and working crafts, boats, &c. may pass through without danger. It was eleven years nine months and twenty one days, from the time of laying the first stone to the opening it for carriages. The cost of it amounted to two hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred pounds, sterling.

A Description of Essex-Bridge, Dublin.

In *January* the nineteenth, 1753, Mr. George Sampill the famous architect, began to demolish the old *Bridge*,

Bridge, and *April* the tenth, 1755, had this new one opened for carriages. It is about three hundred feet in length and fifty one feet in breadth. There are on said Bridge eight convenient places to shelter from sudden or heavy rains, &c. and twenty globes for the conveniency and safety of passengers at night first fix'd by the direction of Alderman *Philip Crampton*. It has five arches. The expence of said grand performance by estimation, amounts to twenty thousand six hundred and sixty one pounds eleven shillings and four pence. That excellent and worthy magistrate, Alderman *Percival Hunt*, junior, was Lord Mayor of this City the first year after it was finished, 1756. And discharged said important trust with justice, mildness, prudence, and integrity.

A Poem on a Country Life.

REMOTE from city, noise and towns alarms,
How sweet and pleasant are the country charms!
What beauteous scenes our eye-ball fills,
Of grots, cascades, and ever purling rills!
What joys the fountain, and cool shades do yield,
How pure the air, how odorous the field:
Thence the labouring bee extracts her sweets,
From thence return the herd with satiate teats.
There chants the blackbird, lark, and *Philomel*,
And there the beauteous fair may chafely dwell.
There's contentment, the height of earthly bliss,
There are pure joys, and there's the balmly kiss:
Devoid of care, how sweet the shepherd chants,
Whilst laid supine, beneath the beechen plants:

Screen'd

Screen'd from the lion's force, and dog star's heat,
 The gentle zephyrs fan his calm retreat;
 No vaulted roofs, nor *Africk* marble grace,
 Nor costly flambeaux light his rural place:
 What then I can these with nature's works com-
 pare:
 No : the enamel'd fields superior are,
 Can water vile, that's forc'd thro' tubes plumb-
 bine

Compare with springs and fountains chriftalline :
 Or doth the caravan in quest of gains,
 Enjoy content, like honest country swains,
 Who frankly live, yet nature's laws observe,
 And from the golden mean do rarely twerve,
 The thirst of wealth, alas ! corrodes our clay,
 And gives the span of life, a gloomy ray :
 Bids envious care our peaceful breast annoy,
 Await our couch, and vitiate every joy.
 Unhappy they ! who after honour pant,
 And fawn and cringe their brethren to supplant :
 Like meteors rais'd in a tempestuous sky,
 And while they glitter, then obscurely die.
 Or like the graceful pine and lofty oak
 Which raise their tops to grace the thunderers
 stroak ;

Whilst the low myrtle in the humble vale,
 Securely roots and bends with every gale.
 But happy they ! the happiest of all,
 Who till the fields, and ply the rural call,
 Adieu then plays, and courts and masquerades :
 Adieu then cards and dice, those knavish trades,
 Adieu the city, town, and the exchange,
 Where powder'd fops, and beaus and bullies
 range,
 Contentment to the sabine field is fled,
 Thither I'll hie to ease my troubled head.

Hail,

Mail, a blest retreat ! the grotto's sweet retreat,
 In thee there's virtue, love, and happiness :
 Ten thousand tender nieceties thou'lt bring ;
 Essential joys ten thousand from thee spring :
 The highest happiness that mankind knows,
 Incessantly from thy blest opiate flows.
 Grant me ye powers divine a quiet wife
 And moderate farm ; thrice happy I'll be my life.

King *James* the first, laid out *St. James's Park*,
London, in an elegant taste. His grandson *King*
Charles the first, greatly added thereto by his im-
 provements. On which a gentleman made the
 following Acrostic.

S ure art and nature, nowhere else can they
 A park where trees in such true order grow,
 I n silver streams the gentle *Isis* here,
 N o banks o'erflows, yet proudly swells so near,
 T he pleasing cup does just brimfull appear.

I n summers longest days, when *Phebus* takes,
 A pride to pierce the thickest shades and brakes,
 M ay beauties walk beneath the verdant screen,
 E xempt from dust and by the sun unseen ;
 S o thick of leaves each plant, so green the grass,
 S ure mortal never view'd a sweeter place.

P revailing ladies met in lovely swarms,
 A nd bless each day its beauty and its charms,
 R everence the *Stuarts* name for this hereafter :
 King *James* the first found wood, his grandson
Charles, water.

A Rebuke to common Swearers.

TO mention God, no man has just pretence,
 But to his honour or his truths defence.
 In common talk, where trifles most abound,
 God, Christ, or Lord, strikes horror with the
 sound;

Nor should we dare appeal to him on high,
 To gain belief, or to attest a lie;
 Thus to abuse that name, if men presume,
 The third commandment, loudly speaks their
 doom;

Yet some alas! in every trivial cause,
 To stop a gap in speech, or for a pause,
 To fill the sentence at each other word,
 From mouths unhallowed breath, Christ, God, or
 Lord;

Thus children hear their parents, oaths repeat,
 To them they listen, think the sound is great,
 And by example learn to do the same,
 And wickedly profane God's sacred name:
 Hence, where such children meet a dreadful
 thing;

The streets with oaths, and horrid curses ring,
 Good Lord! if e'er such monsters I come nigh,
 From their ill ways, give me thy grace to fly.

*These twenty seven Lines on Writing, has
 been left out in the 4th Volume.*

IN silent characters their minds reveal'd,
 O'er hills and deals, and o'er the seas con-
 ceal'd,

Strange

Strange art! that doth such wondrous things repeat.

Of ancient heroes, good, as well as great,
Writing! O heavenly art! what skill can raise,
An earthly voice so high, to sing thy praise:
Thy merit is above our mortal lays.—

Blest be the man! his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast;
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which till that time, was limited to sight.
The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,
The lessening distance past, then loss of view,
The friend was gone, which some kind moments
gave,

And absence separated like the grave.
When for a wife, the youth patriarch sent
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow,
But not a line, that might the lover show.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had she known of melting words, the charms,
That under secret seals in ambush lie,
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye,
The fair *Assyrian* had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd.

*A Poem in praise of a worthy Merchant
deceased, 1758.*

IN him, the favourite strokes of heaven were
seen;

A comely person, and a graceful mein;

A mind

first at *Oxford*, when his affairs were at a low ebb, and he told him, while vile imprecations led the van, and oaths and curses brought up the rear, he would be routed in all his designs. And they are very unlikely to be good subjects to princes, who are open rebels to the laws of God and men, and their own reason.

A Docible Parrot in the house of a gentleman having frequently heard his owner swear, to which he was greatly addicted, became as voluble in imprecations as himself. The master judiciously reflecting on the force of example, and the comparative influence it must have on more intelligent ears, thought proper to correct himself, and bid adieu to so idle a vice. In this instance, a simple bird effected a work, which probably many bishops might not have been able to accomplish.——A few days ago two reprobate water-men that were waiting at *Billingsgate* for the coming up of a fish-boat, laid a wager of their boats, which of them could swear the most wicked and prophane oaths; but upon one of them giving up, the other beginning to triumph, was instantaneously deprived of the use of his speech, and also of the use of his right hand and leg. A remarkable judgment upon so audacious a sinner.——See volume the first, page 169. against Vain Swearing.

Of Writing in a small Compass.

A Person in Queen *Elizabeth's* time wrote the ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Queen's name, and the year of our Lord, within the compass of a penny, and gave a pair of spectacles of such an artificial making, that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter.

The effigies of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, with the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and ten Commandments, the *magnificat*, the prayer for the King and Queen, the prayer for the Royal Family, the prayer for the clergy and people, the prayer of St. *Chrysostom*, and the Blessing, Engraven within a circle of two inches and a half diameter. Engraven and sold by *John Stuart*, in *Crane's Court*, in the *Old Change*, near *St. Paul's*, *London*.

Of the Usefulness of the Pen.

I N earlier times when absence interpos'd,
And every social tie of converse clos'd ;
When ill-tim'd separation first began
Sweet-intercourse to break, 'twixt man and man,
They sigh'd, and parted with unwilling breath,
For absence prov'd a shorter kind of death ;
No help was found to ease their rising pain,
His loss the hapless lover mourn'd in vain ;
In vain essay'd his sorrow to forbear,
Each pleasing object but renew'd his care,

VOL. VI.

H

Fruitless

Fruitless he strove, with tears and grief oppress'd
 To quell the raging anguish of his breast;
 Deep plung'd in woe the tender husband sigh'd,
 And fondly kiss'd the image of his bride.
 At length succeeding ages wiser grown,
 Arts flourish where the seeds were scarcely sown;
 Invention first her gen'rous aid supplied,
 Extracting virtue from the goose's side;
 High rose the plume with artificial tongue,
 Whilst uses all around profusely hung;
 Wet with the liquid, form'd by nicest art,
 It speaks all languages, can all impart,
 And avenues lay open to the heart. }
 The pen thus form'd, man's thoughts can freely
 roam,
 And reach his friends, tho' distant far from home.
 His sentiments, appear without disguise,
 And in the welcome leaf the writer lies.
 'Twixt lovers true should distance intervene,
 This pen shall cure the vapours and the spleen;
 Beauty shall brighten in the lively page,
 With stronger impulse. *Chloe's* charms engage,
 Her stile her happier presence shall supply,
 And paint new graces to the enraptur'd eye;
 Endearing softness fill the tender line,
 And all the Goddesses in expression shine.
 Thus absence wears an aspect more serene,
 And pleasure reigns where only woe had been;
 Thus shall the pen a constant blessing prove,
 The tie of friends, and only bond of love.

Amongst all the inventions of human wit there is
 none more admirable, and few more useful than
 the art of writing; by means of which a man may
 copy out and delineate his very thoughts and cause
 that to become visible, which before lay concealed
 from

from every eye but his who made it; an art by which he can utter his mind without opening his mouth, and signify his pleasure at a thousand miles distance; and all by the help of twenty four letters, and in some places less. By the various forming and combining of which, and by the transposing and moving of them to and fro, all words, utterable or imaginable, may be framed. The *Indians* admired it in a high degree; for when they saw the *Spaniards* send letters to and fro, and maintain a kind of dumb commerce among themselves this way; they imagined that the letters were a kind of spirits, which served them as their interpreters between each other. For the invention of letters the *Phenicians* carry most voices. And among these *Cadmus* had the honour of being esteemed the first. But the truth seems to be, that the *Phenicians* were no more than borrowers of them from the *Hebrews*, in common with the rest of the nations, tho' it may be, by adding some few, or altering their form and character, they now seem to have different alphabets. The librarians of antiquity, who lived by writing books made by others were extremely dextrous in the handling of their pens, as appears from several ancient manuscripts, that are still to be met with in divers part of the world, some of which display the ingenuity of the artist so compleatly, as almost to rival printing. Among those that have excelled herein must be numbered *Francis Arminius*, who wrote the Apostles Creed, and the first fourteen verses of St. *John's* Gospel, in the compass of a penny, and in full words too: this he did in the presence of the Emperor *Charles* the fifth, and Pope *Clement* the seventh, as *Genebard* in his chronology informs us. *Thomas Sweiker*, a Dutchman, born without arms or hands, is said to have written ele-

gantly with his feet : and among many extraordinary feats, which he performed with the help thereof, he could also make pens. An eminent author in his observations, tells us, the Duke of Saxony kept some copies of his writing among his rarities. *Matthew Buckinger* born without hands or feet, in *Germany*, was shewn in many large towns in these three kingdoms, about twenty years ago, and died in *Dublin* : this man with his stumps (for his arms terminated at his elbows) made pens, wrote finely, and drew many pieces, which were much esteemed by the curious. I know several persons who have seen his performances, which greatly encreased their admiration. There was living at *Norwich* in *England*, about ten years ago, one *Tawiddy*, a cripple, who wrote and drew with his mouth. And not many years since, a woman went about divers parts of *England*, that could write with her feet, and perform many other things to the wonder of the beholders. The *Hebrews* and *Romans*, seem to have given the first rise to the art of short and secret writing ; first by abbreviation, when they put a letter for a word, and a word for a sentence ; and secondly by using characters, different from those in vulgar use ; and which none but the devils could understand, without the assistance of his key. There are now in the city of *Dublin*, many excellent performers with the pen. *Mr. Dunkin Smith*, lately arrived here, is an extraordinary fine writer, *Mr. Edward Murry* of *Mary's-Lane*, also excells in this art ; and *Mr. John Ivers*, *Miss Mary Ann Story*, daughter of *Mr. John Story*, clerk of *St. Ann's*, is allowed by all that knows her, to be a young woman who surpasses greatly in her qualifications this way. My wife likewise is a person, who is very ingenious in the art of writing.

I have

I have at my own place of residence half a dozen of pieces drawn by her, which are plans of churches, &c. which many people have taken to be copper plate, they have been viewed by many eminent gentlemen of distinguishing capacity. In the year, 1747, one of them was shewn to the *Dublin* Society, at the parliament house, for which exhibition they gave her a piece of gold, first having requested of her that she would write before them. She is allowed to be an excellent pattern drawer, and keeps a school in *Christ-Church-Lane* for the education of misses.

*A Poem on the much lamented Death of
Mr. Matthew Buckinger, who resided
in Drogheda about the year, 1716, be-
ing a famous little Man, without Arms
or Legs.*

P O O R *Buckinger* at last is dead and gone,
A lifeless trunk, who was a living one :
Trunk; did I say, wherein all virtues met,
I should have call'd him a rich cabinet,
No wonder in life's warfare he should die,
Who wanted hands to fight, or feet to fly,
Nature to form so great a life to come,
Wisely took care to maim him in the womb.
So when we take young eagles 'tis thought best
To clip their wings and talons in ther nest.
For lop their limbs, and then the soul confin'd,
Collects itself and double mans the mind.

So succers prun'd, or fibres from the root,
 Make trees not die, but flourish in their fruit.
 He was, altho' he had not e'er a limb,
 A man, I'll prove it, every inch of him,
 No huge two-handed man, but when he dy'd,
 'Twas a good body, every mortal cry'd.
 Pious he was as holiest devotees,
 For sure he always was upon his knees.
 And that he us'd to pray his widow knows,
 As often as he finger had and toes.
 So blameless, he defy'd the world to rail,
 Or any man to say, black was his nail.
 He never made one false step all his life,
 Except in marrying his second wife :
 And tho' they went together in pure love,
 They did not hit it, nor were hand and glove.
 Altho' he suffer'd from her many ills,
 A clog he could not call her at his heels ;
 But sure he might have quitted her in haste,
 If spurning in his hand was holding fast.
 Some said he was a rake and stroll'd about ;
 How could he strole, who never stirr'd a foot ;
 He of his pen, had very great command,
 If he wrote any, 'twas no running hand.
 He play'd all games with skill, but was most nice,
 Tho' without slight of hand, at cards and dice ;
 And tho' he won at play, yet no one can
 Say, that he made a hand of any man.
 He practis'd music too, and did appear,
 Tho' he no finger had, to have an ear.
 He visited most places in the land ;
 And rode, but never kept a bridle hand :
 And when he rode his horse no galls did feel,
 His spur was in his head, not in his heel.
 He was a manager we may believe,
 For he ne'er thrust his arm beyond his sleeve.

And

And tho' his bread was but of daily growth,
 No man could say he liv'd from hand to mouth:
 Not spiteful ; for altho' provok'd a deal,
 He ne'er oppos'd a man with tooth and nail.
 He would be reconcil'd with small amends ;
 And tho' he shook not hands, he would be friends.
 Some envious men thought him dishonest, but
 He was not light of finger, or of foot,
 He never pick'd mens pockets, or their locks ;
 Of if he had, he might defy the stocks.
 He was no flatterer, yet apt to applaud ;
 Spoke civilly to all men, never claw'd.
 Nor to his wife, or other servants, rough,
 He ne'er gave one of them a kick or cuff.
 Courteous to all, up to the highest peg ;
 If you would kiss his hands, he'd make you a leg.
 Inimitable both alive and dead,
 No man could ever in his footsteps tread :
 Compliance with all humours he has shewn,
 Any man's shoe would fit him as his own.
 And yet, not to reflect upon his dust,
 He knew not where his own shoe pinch'd him
 most.

No confidence in cunning men he put,
 No man could get the measure of his foot,
 And yet some men did with him grow so bold,
 He could not keep them at arms length I'm told,
 Studious he was, I speak it to his praise,
 Yet never thumb'd a book in all his days ;
 And that which very much his sense commends,
 His learning was not at his fingers ends.
 He could not do a hand's turn with his ease,
 But what he did was all with elbow-grease,
 As my old grannam bid me do, he'd cry,
 I always with my elbow scratch my eye.
 He was no rambler he, but kept the house,
 And wealthy grew but never scrap'd a fous

Nor was close fist'd more than you or I,
 Nor had his hand upon his halfpenny ;
 And yet, for fear of debt, or being dipt,
 His money never thro' his fingers slipt,
 'Twas safe to trust him, for he never shew'd
 A pair of heels for what he justly ow'd ;
 Nor could it well be said with any face,
 That being on his last legs was his case.
 Sincere he was, and void of craft and art,
 He never laid his hand upon his heart,
 And was so little mov'd with lies or tales,
 He never, for vexation, bit his nails.
 Some men, who did not love him, us'd to think,
 That, till he could not stand on legs he'd drink,
 But tho' he never palm'd his glass, yet some
 Can prove he ne'er drank *supernaculum* :
 And tho' in-liquor he some money spent,
 His legs ne'er cut indentures as he went,
 Some, that he lov'd his gut, for reason gave,
 He only with his teeth could dig his grave.
 In short, some little failings well might pass,
 Since he, *ad unguem factus homo* was.

THE EPITAPH.

Here sleeps among good christians dead,
 One who violent hands ne'er laid
 Upon himself, nor any other ;
 But was a peaceful, harmless brother :
 He never injur'd life nor limb,
 Why then should death lay hands on him ;
 But I mistake, death took no grip,
 Of him, nor up his heels did trip ;
 But at a distance shot a rover,
 And tipp'd him (like his nine pin) over.

Ore

One poor esutcheon is his due,
 Who, when alive, so many drew.
 Give him but this, and then he'll have
 Arms and supporters to his grave.

Of Truth and Falshood.

ONCE on a time in sun shine weather,
 Falshood and truth, walk'd out together,
 The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
 As opposites will sometimes do.
 Thro' many a blooming mead they past,
 And at a brook arriv'd at last.
 The purling stream, the margin green,
 With flowers bedeck'd a vernal scene.
 Invited every charming maid
 To rest a while beneath the shade ;
 Under a spreading beech they sat,
 And pass'd the time with female chat ;
 Whilst each her character maintain'd,
 One spoke her thoughts the other feign'd.
 At length, quoth falshood, sister truth,
 For so she call'd her from her youth,
 What if to shun yon, sultry beam,
 We bath in this delightful stream ;
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there's no prying shepherd near.
 With all my heart the nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the skin,
 And with a spring leapt head-long in.
 Falshood more leisurely undrest,
 And laying by her tawdry vest,

Drest'd herself out in truth's array.
 And cross the meadows tript away.
 From this curst hour, the fraudulent dame,
 Of sacred truth usurps the name,
 And with a vile, perfidious mind,
 Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
 False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears;
 In visits still appears most wise,
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes.
 She doth revile each one she knows,
 As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
 Her tongue so voluble and kind,
 It always runs before her mind;
 As times do serve she slyly pleads,
 And copious tears still shew her needs,
 With promises as thick, as weeds.
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
 To day a saint, to-morrow D———!:]
 Poor truth she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who scorning from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark naked ever since;
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who truth revere.

Read 1 *Esdra*s, chap. 4th. verse 33d. to the 42d.
 Of the power of truth.

A Religious

A Religious Youth's Morning Hymn.

GOD of my life, this early dawn
 I dedicate to thee :
 As thou hast been, so mayst thou still,
 My kind, protector be.

When cover'd by the midnight gloom,
 And veil'd in shades of night ;
 Thou Lord my watchful guardian was,
 And kept me in thy fight.

The curtains of almighty love
 Were drawn around my bed ;
 And while I slept, thy providence
 Its blessings on me shed.

Thy love deserves my best returns
 Of gratitude and praise ;
 And while I live I shall delight
 To thee my voice to raise.

Bless God, my soul, whose power divine
 Has thy protection been ;
 Who has thy life secur'd from ills,
 Which were by thee unseen,

As each return of day declares
 The greatness of thy love ;
 So may each day my thanks renew,
 And gratitude improve.

This

This day safe guard me, O my God,
From ev'ry outward ill ;
Preserve my health, relieve my wants,
My soul with comfort fill.

Against temptations I would guard,
And flee the paths of sin ;
May Satan's power be broke without,
And ev'ry lust within.

With thankful praise for mercies past,
I leave myself with thee :
O ! may I of thy grace partake,
And thy great goodness see.

And may I carefully pursue
Whatever is just and right,
That I may always be approv'd,
In my Creator's fight. —————

Most gracious God, of boundless might,
Supreme, eternal King ;
Direct my heart, and voice aright,
When I thy praises sing.

Lord, hear my prayer, accept my song,
And sanctify my mind ;
And grant I may, my whole life long,
Be virtuously inclin'd.

That when thou may'st my soul require,
And I must hence remove ;
I then may join thy heav'nly choir,
And sing with saints above.

On Innocence.

THE beauteous mind with innocence en-
dued,

Is in the fairest point of glory view'd ;
Still light on light irradiates the pure breast
And fills it with the pleasures of the blest ;
Each sweet humane affection takes its place,
And crowns the heightning soul with heavenly
grace.

So the sun shines unrivall'd in the skies,
And dazzles with his beams the strongest eyes,
Triumphant rises in gay splendor bright
And fills the heavens with a flood of light.

What is Man.

O Son of Man ! O creature of a day !
Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness
gay ;

Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
Thy guilty days are spent in adding more,
Thou propagated folly ! — what in thee
Could heaven's supream, could perfect wisdom
see,

To fix one glance of his regarding eye,
Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky !
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And scarce the man himself the debt immense will
own.

Of

Of Innocence and Prudence.

THOUGH the simplicity of the dove be an excellent grace in christians, yet we are required to join with it the wisdom of the serpent ; the one removes away our gall and sting, and makes us inoffensive to others, the other gives us prudence to save ourselves ; and this is the more necessary, because of the enemies and dangers we have to encounter with. And though the divine providence is sufficient to guide, protect, and provide for us, yet we are no where commanded to lay aside the man, to illustrate the christian. Piety makes us careful for the honour of God, charity for the good of our neighbours, but prudence tells us, we must not be quite careless at home : nay, the very substance of our religion requires us to love our neighbours as ourselves ; and therefore presupposeth a care of our own preservation, before our care for the welfare of others : But yet so, that self alone must give place to a society of men, which is made up of many particular individuals ; and the glory of God is not to truckle to our temporal felicity.

Of Industry.

GOD requires of all men, that they should be active and industrious in their places ; and he that is not so, is a burthen to the creation, no credit to his Creator, nor comfort (as he should be)

to

to others. *The hand of the diligent maketh rich, saith Solomon : whilst we have time, let us do good, saith our Saviour. Neither wealth, nor wisdom, nor goodness, is to be had without diligence ; And besides no crown without a combat. I have fought a good fight, saith St. Paul, henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Glory.*

On Bribery in the Reign of King Alfred,
872.

A Poor man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good :
He, glad, away did trudge ;
And soon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law ;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd ! O partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone ;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil ;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

On Lawyers.

FOR ever jarring, yet for ever friends,
In points you differ, but unite in ends ;
A scissars thus for ever seems to fight,
And yet for ever in one point unite ;
And tho' with blades extended wide is seen,
Yet cuts at nothing but what comes between,

*Two Beggars disputing their Right to an
Oyster they had found ; a Lawyer thus
decides the cause.*

BLIND plaintiff, lame defendant share,
The friendly laws impartial care.
A shell for him, a shell for thee,
The middle is the lawyer's fee.

Of Careless and inconsiderate Men, &c.

CARELESS besotted man, whose baffled
mind -

Is to all Dangers, but the present blind !
Whose thoughts are all employ'd on mischiefs near,
But ills remote, never foresee, or fear.

The soldier is prepar'd before th' alarm,
The signal given 'twould be too late to arm.

The pilot's foresight waits each distant blast,
And loses no advantage in his haste

Th' industrious hind manures and sows the field,
Which he expects a plenteous crop should yield :

The labouring ant in summer stores at home
Provision e'er old age and winter come.

But, Oh ! what means mans stupid negligence,
That of the future has no care or sense ;

Does he expect eternity below,
A life that shall no alteration know,

Think as he will, inevitable death,
Tho' it delays, will one day stop his breath ;

Vain are the hopes the firmest leagues produce,
That tyrant keeps no faith, regards no truce :

He does not to the peace he makes incline,
To take advantage is his whole design :

To him alliance is an empty name,
He does all interests, but his own disclaim.

Sooner the faithless winds and waves agree.
And night and day, and lambs for safety flee

To bloody wolves, than that make peace with
thee. }

Fiercely the greedy spoiler strikes at all,
A prey for his insatiate jaws too small :

He

He tears ev'n tender infants from the breast,
And raps them in a shrowd, e'er for the cradle
drest.

Nor sex nor age the grim destroyer spares,
Unmov'd alike by innocence and years.

Here sprightly youth, there hoary bending age
Sweet boys, and blooming virgins glut his rage.

Like common soldiers, chief commanders die,
And like commanders, common soldiers lie.

No shining dust appears in *Cresus* urn,
Thro' all he touch'd he seem'd to gold to turn.

Nor boasts fair *Rachel's* face that beauty here,
For which the patriarch serv'd his twice-seven }
year, }

And never thought the pleasing purchase dear.

Ev'n *Diues* here from *Laz'rus* is not known,
For now one's purple, th' others rags are gone.

Each has no mansion but his narrow cell,
Equal in colour, and alike in smell.

Why then should man of such vain treasure boast,
So difficultly gain'd, so quickly lost ;

For late or early, all resign their breath,
And bend, pale victims to their conqueror death ;

Each sex, each age, profession and degree,
Moves towards this centre of humanity.

But did they not a farther journey go,

And that to die were all they had to do ;

Could but their souls dissolve as fast away,

As their corrupting carcases decay ;

They'd covet death to end their present cares,

And for prevention of their future fears,

They'd to the grave, as an assylum run,

And court the stroke which now they wish to
shun :

But death (alas) ends not their miseries,

The soul's immortal, tho' the body dies.

Which

Which, soon as from its prison of clay enlarg'd,
 At Heaven's tribunal's sentenc'd or discharg'd.
 Before an awful power just and severe,
 Round whose bright head consuming flames ap-
 pear

The shackled captive, dazzled at his sight,
 Dejected stands, and shakes with wild affright.
 While with strict scrutiny, the judge surveys
 Its heart, and close impieties displays.

The wretch convicted, does his guilt confess,
 Nor does for mercy, for concealment less;

While he the accuser judge, and witness too,
 Condemns it to eternity of woe,
 Where since no hope of an appeal appears,

'T would fain dissolve and drown itself in tears.

What terrors then seize the forsaken soul,

That finds no patron for a cause so foul;

Then it implores some mountain to prevent,

By a kind crush, its shame and punishment.

O wretched soul, just judge, hard sentence too!

What harden'd wretch dares sin that thinks on
 you,

Yet here (alas) ends not the fatal grief,

There is another death, another life.

A life as boundless as eternity;

A death whence shall no resurrection be.

What hell of torments shall in this be found,

With what a heaven of joys shall that abound;

Here rich celestial nectar treats the soul;

There fire and brimstone crowns the flaming
 bowl;

That fill'd with music of th' angelic quire,

Shall each blest soul with extacies inspire;

While this disturb'd, at every hideous yell,

Shall in the damn'd raise a new dread of hell:

That knows no sharp excess of cold and heat,

In this the wretches always freeze or sweat.

There

There reign eternal rest, and soft repose;
 Here painful toil no end or measure knows.
 That void of grief, does nought afflictive sear;
 This still disturb'd from troubles never free.
 O happy life! O vast unequall'd bliss!
 O death accurs'd! O endless miseries!
 For that or this must be the doubtful cast,
 Nor may we throw again when once 'tis past.
 Be wise then, man, or will thy care be vain,
 To shun the misery, of the bliss obtain;
 Give heaven thy heart, if thou its crown would
 O glorious face, worthy a power divine,
 Where love and once with equal mixture shine
 Triumphant majesty of that bright ray
 Where blushing angels prostrate homage pay!
 We in thy works thy fixt impressions trace,
 Yet still but faint reflections of thy face.
 When this enchanted world's compar'd with thee,
 Its boasted beauty's, all deformity:
 Thy stars no such transcending glories own
 As thine, whose light exceeds all theirs in one.
 This truth some one of them could best declare,
 Who on the mount thy blest spectators were:
 Who on thy glories were allow'd to gaze,
 And saw heaven open'd in thy wondrous face:
 Thy shining visage all the God confest,
 In beauteous lambent flames were thy bright tem-
 ples drest.
 Oh! when shall I behold thee all serene,
 Without one envious cloud, or veil between;
 When distant faith shall in near vision cease,
 And still my love shall with my sight increase;
 That happy day dear as these eyes shall be,
 And more than all the dearest things but thee.

*A Poem by a Gentleman, in Imitation of a
Watchman going his Rounds.*

VIII.

PA S T eight o'clock, O, christians meditate,
Upon God's works, for they are wond'rous
great.

IX.

'Tis nine o'clock ye brethren hear it striking,
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's
liking.

Now brethren, hear the clock, is ten, and passing,
None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.

XI.

Eleven is past, still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us, from earth to heaven.

XII.

Ye brethren hear, the midnight clock is hum-
ming,
At midnight our great bride-groom will be com-
ing.

I.

Past one o'clock, the day breaks out of darkness :
Great morning-star appear and break our hardness !

II.

'Tis two, on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two so near related, will and reason.

III.

The clock is three, the blessed three doth merit
The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.

IV.

'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication ;
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.

IV.

Five is the clock, five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments, were rewarded.

VI.

The clock is six, and I go off my station,
Now brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation.

Wrote

Wrote on the Tomb of a Clergyman.

DE A T H, judgment, heaven, and hell, think
 christians, think
 You stand on vast eternity's dread brink ;
 Faith and repentance, piety and prayer,
 Despise this world, the next be all your care :
 Thus while my tomb the solemn silence breaks,
 And to the eyes this cold dumb marble speaks,
 Tho' dead, I preach ; if e'er with ill success,
 Living, I strove the important truths to press
 Your precious, your immortal souls to save,
 Hear me, at last, O hear me, from my grave.

*The following Inscription, as a tribute due to
 Arch-Bishop Usher's Virtues, hath been
 publish'd, which I shall give the Rea-
 der.*

M. S.
 James Usher,
 Arch-bishop of Armagh,
 Is here deposited ;
 A Man,
 Who for his illustrious birth,
 Uncommon Learning,
 Acuteness of parts,
 Fluency of speaking and writing,
 Gravity of manners, temper'd with sweetness,
 Candour, and integrity of Life,
 A steady uprightness of heart in both fortunes,
 Is

Is dear
To the christian world, and to all men of virtue :

A Prelate,

In every man's judgment truly great :

Except his own.

Who modelled the church

By the rules of the ancients,

Who instructed the clergy

By his own Example,

And the People,

By his constant preaching :

Who hath much enlightned

The books of the Old and New testament,

By deep researches into the earliest writers,

And restor'd sacred Chronology

To its ancient clearness :

Who supported

By his munificence,

The professors of the liberal arts,

By poverty oppressed ;

Finally, who by his learned pen,

Check'd the growth of heresies

At their first appearance

Adorn'd with such gifts of nature and such virtues,

This best, most pious, most deserving prelate

In the midst of civil wars,

Fatal to his country, and the church,

And lamentable to himself ;

Being no longer useful

Either to his Country, or the Church,

Fell gently asleep in Christ, the author of peace,

In the 76th year of his Age.

John

John Thornburgh, *Bishop of Limerick*,
in 1593, resign'd in 1603, July 4th,
being then translated to the See of Bristol,
and from that to the See of Worcester,
on the 17th of February, 1616, where
he died in a very advanced Age, 1640,
and lies buried in his own Cathedral, on
his Monument is these Words,

The Philosophers coin. While I breath, I hope.

Over his Head.

Thou who sleepest, lift up thy head ; because virtue is in sickness, life in death, light in darkness.

Over his Feet.

Death is a fleeting cloud, the end of pain, the gate of life, the ladder of heaven, to me gain.

On the north side of the pillar. Death takes away life, but doth not kill ; for tho' the dead cease to exist, yet they do not perish, but live in the Lord. The summer passeth away, but another year will bring it again ; night clouds the sun, but light shall soon disperse the shade ; and in the last day the dead shall arise. A monument is a remembrancer to the mind, not of a flight, but of a translation ; for we are not said to fly, but to pass out of life ; no body receives the approaches of

death chearfully, but one who hath long composed himself to the thoughts of it, what he hath once expected with certainty, he often desires earnestly; that he who hath long sailed in the dangerous streights of labours, may at last cast anchor in the haven of security and safety. We daily divide this very life which we live, with death; for as we advance, our life decreaseth; and altho' there be but one entrance into this life, yet there are many passages out of it; God hath not given to us pilgrims in this life a house for habitation, but an inn to bait in.

Of the Building of St. Patrick's Cathedral: The Steeple, the Cathedral of Christ Church and Episcopal Palace, &c.

JOHAN COMYN, arch-bishop of Dublin demolish'd an old parochial church which stood in the place where the cathedral of St. Patrick's is now, which was built by said arch-bishop, about the year, 1190. Thomas Minot, arch-bishop of Dublin, rebuilt part of this cathedral which had been destroyed by an accidental fire. He also built an high steeple of squared stone, about the year, 1370, the chapter is constituted of twenty six members which are thus, dean, chanter, chancellor, treasurer, arch-deacon of Dublin, arch-deacon of Glendalagh, prebendary of Cullin, Kilmacskilway, Swords, Yago, St. Audeons, Clonmethan, Tymothan, Castleknock, Malahide, Tipper, Monmahonock, Hoath, Rathmichael, Wicklow, Maynooth, Tassagard, Dunlavin, Tipperkevin, Donaghmore and Stagonyl.

The

The names of the present Dignitaries are thus,

Rev. *Francis Corbett*, D. D. dean—Rev. Sir *Philip Hoby*, Bart. chancellor—Rev. *Isaac Mann*, D. D. archdeacon of *Dublin*—Rev. *Richard Challoner Cobbe*, D. D. treasurer—Rev. *Robert Caulfeild*, chanter—Rev. doctor *Smith*, archdeacon of *Glen-dalagh*.

PREBENDARIES.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Dublin*, prebendary of *Cullin*—Rev. *William Pounteney*, of *Kilmaclutway*—Rev. *Fowler Cummin*, of *Swords*—Rev. *Daniel Letablere*, D. D. of *Yago*—Rev. *Allen Morgan*, of *St. Audeon's*—Rev. *Caleb Cartwright*, D. D. of *Clonmethan*—Rev. *William Fletcher*, D. D. of *Tymothan*, Archdeacon of *Kildare*—Rev. *Peter Sterne*, D. D. of *Castleknock*—Rev. *Kane Perceval*, D. D. of *Mallaghadart*—Rev. *Henry Ware*, D. D. of *Tipper*—Rev. *Cadogan Keating*, of *Monmahanock*—Rev. *John Wynne*, of *Hoath*—Rev. *John Lyon*, D. D. of *Rathmichael*—Rev. *John Walls*, D. D. of *Wicklow*—Rev. *Samuel Holt*, of *Maynooth*—Rev. *George Philips*, of *Tassagard*—Rev. Mr. *Tench*, of *Dunlavin*—Rev. *Robert King*, D. D. of *Tipperkevin*—Rev. *Thomas Fetherstone*, of *Donaghmore*—Rev. *John Drury*, of *Stagonyl*.

The *French* protestants have for many years the use of *St. Mary's* chapel at the acknowledgment of twelve pence per year, where they exercise divine service according to the rites established in the church of *Ireland*. The archbishop of *Dublin* was antiently of the king's privy council in *England*, and used to attend his majesty in many weighty consultations, he had the rights of a prince *Palatine* within the liberties of the cross, and a gallows for the execution of criminals, within a mile of his palace, at a place called *Harolds-Cross*. The execution of this power is now alte-

gether diffused. His seneschal holds his court in *Kevin's-street*, in a handsome structure, erected for that purpose by arch-bishop *King*; adjoining to which is the jail for confining debtors, he holds his consistory court in the cathedral of *St. Patrick*. He hath in his diocese two cathedrals, both within the city and liberties of *Dublin*, *Christ Church* and *St. Patrick's*; a thing very rare and remarkable. *Sirricus King* of *Dublin*, son of *Able* earl of *Dublin*, gave to *Donat* a place whereon to build a church, and that it should be dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, which is now called *Christ Church*; he also gave lands, and gold and silver enough for the finishing the same, *A. D.* 1038. After the church was finished, *Donat* built an episcopal palace near it, which is now the Four-courts, where all the judges of the kingdom sit for the administration of justice, and was then called the first bishop of *Dublin*.

*An Account of the late Archbishop King,
his Promotions, great Sufferings, &c.*

WILLIAM KING arch-bishop of *Dublin*, was born in *Antrim*, May 1st, 1650, and was descended from an antient and honest family in the north of *Scotland*, *A. D.* 1662, he was sent to a latin school at *Dungannon* in the county of *Tyrone*, and on the 18th of *April*, 1667, was admitted into *Trinity College, Dublin*; where his extraordinary parts and application were soon taken notice of, and rewarded with a scholarship and natives place. In 1670, he took the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1673, that of master; and the same year he was put into deacons orders, by doctor *Robert Mossom*, bishop

Bishop of Derry. In 1674, he was ordain'd priest by *John Parker*, arch-bishop of *Tuam*; and in 1676, made him his chaplain, and the same year collated him to the prebendary of *Kilmanemore*, in the cathedral of *Tuam*, and afterwards to the provostship of that church, and when his Grace was promoted to the see of *Dublin*, he collated him to the chancellorship of *St. Patrick's*, to which the parish of *St. Werburgh's* is annexed, and he was installed *October 29th*, 1679. In 1688, he was constituted president of the chapter of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*. On the 26th of *January* following, he was elected dean by the chapter. In 1689, he took his degree of doctor of divinity; and on the 29th of *July* that year, was together with doctor *Foy*, and many others of the protestant clergy committed prisoners to the castle by judge *Nugent*, and confin'd half a year; he suffered great hardships during his confinement, being depriv'd of all his effects, and nothing left him but the charity of good people to subsist on; he was at last enlarged, and afterwards in 1690, recommitted without the least pretence for it, and thrown into the public guard-house, to lye with common soldiers, without bed or conveniency for several nights; and they afterwards endeavoured to ruin his reputation, by notoriously false and malicious lyes; some of which they published in print, tho' without any success, he was again set at liberty, but frequently insulted and abus'd, he was assaulted in the streets, and a musquet with a lighted match levelled at him, the publick service of the church was often disturb'd, particularly on *Candlemas-day*, 1689, by seven officers, who swore aloud they would cut his throat; he was again confin'd in 1690; But the victory obtain'd by King *William* at the *Boyne* on the first of *July*, that year put an end to these dangers, and opened the

way for his advancement in the church. He was promoted to the see of *Derry*. By letter of their majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary*, dated the 9th of *January*, 1690, and he was consecrated in *Christ Church, Dublin*, on the 25th of the same month, by *Francis* arch-bishop of *Dublin*, assisted by the bishops of *Meath, Kildare, Killaloe* and *Leighlin* and *Fernes*; he was removed to the see of *Dublin* in 1702, and govern'd it with wisdom and prudence for upwards of twenty six years. He appears in the tendency of his actions and endeavours to have had the advancement of religion, virtue and learning entirely at heart; and may deservedly be enroll'd among the greatest, the most universally accomplished, and learned prelates of the age. His capacity and spirit to govern the church was visible in his avowed enmity to pluralities and non residents; in his strict and regular visitations, both annual, triennial, and parochial; in his constant duty of confirmation and preaching, and in the many excellent admonitions and charges he gave his clergy, upon these occasions, he may be counted worthy of double honour; who thus not only ruled well, but laboured in the word and doctrine; his hospitality was suitable to the dignity of his station and character; and the whole course of his conversation innocent, chearful and improving; for he lived in the constant practice of every christian virtue and grace that could adorn a public or private life, he died at his palace of *St. Sepulchres, Dublin*, on the 8th of *May*, 1729, in the 80th year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the church-yard of *Donnybrook*, near *Dublin*, as he had directed in his life-time. I remember about thirty years ago, a clergyman gave me the subsequent account of the reverend doctor *King's* being promoted to the bishoprick of *Derry*, which

was

was thus ; King *William* having got the better of his enemies at the *Boyne*, he sent word to *Narcissus*, then arch-bishop of *Dublin*, that he would have public service and a sermon preached the next day in the cathedral church of *St. Patrick's*, and return thanks to God for so great a deliverance. The warning was very short, but however, the arch-bishop sent notice to doctor *King*, being the best orator that he could then think of, acquainting him of the king's intention. Accordingly doctor *King* prepared a sermon against the time appointed ; and after he had repeated a prayer in the pulpit as usual, he proceeded thus. I doctor *King*, am come to preach before thee O King, I take my text out of the first book of *Kings*, and in the presence of the King of Kings, the 10th chapter and latter part of the 24th verse.—God save the King ; it may well be supposed he made a suitable discourse on so great an occasion. The King being well pleased with the manner he displayed himself, that he spoke to the arch-bishop to invite him to dine with them at *Finglass*, where the camp then lay. While they were at dinner, word was brought privately to the King, that the bishop of *Derry* was dead, which living was immediately conferred on doctor *King*.

Of Conversation and Study.

CONversation is an advantage peculiar to man, as well as reason ; it is the bond of society, and by it the commerce of civil life is kept up ; the mind communicates its thoughts, and the heart expresses

presses its inclinations ; in short, friendship is contracted and kept up by the same means.

The conversation of two friends renders their happiness and their misfortunes common ; it augments their pleasures, and lessens their afflictions : nothing alleviates grief so much, as the liberty of complaining ; nothing makes one more sensible of joy, than the delight of expressing it. In a word, man is so far born to be sociable, that this quality is very essential to make and keep him happy.

To fly from company is to act against the intention of nature ; to live always in solitude one must be something more than man or less than brute. There is a sort of communication even between beasts : many philosophers have affirmed that they have a peculiar language, and several experiments induce us to believe it.

A man must have his mind strangely over-run with melancholy, to be able to lead a savage life, and always to remain in obscurity ; those however ought not to be censured, whose silence and retirement have been consecrated to religion : but, as very few persevere in that condition to the end with the same zeal, the state of a solitary person may be said to be a state of violence ; natural instinct, which makes him love society, at last gets the mastery, and everlastingly possesses him with a regret for having forsaken it. After all, can it be called living to be concealed all one's life ? what distinction is there between death and retirement, between solitude and the grave ?

To live then as man, it is necessary to converse with men. It is fit conversation should be the most agreeable pleasure of life ; but it is also fit that it should be regulated ; we ought to enjoy it with choice, and moderate the use of it with discretion.

There

There is nothing more advantageous, and nothing more dangerous : as too long a retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it : it is good sometimes to recollect one's self ; nay, it is even necessary to give an exact account of one's words, of one's thoughts to one's self, and of the progress one hath made in wisdom. A man that would reap the fruits of reading and conversation, and improve by what he has seen, must be no stranger to silence, repose, and meditation.

There must be a time for study, and a time for those affairs that are inseparable from our profession. Conversation cannot take up our whole life ; these two other duties deserve to be preferred before it : ignorance sits always scandalous upon a gentleman ; his quality does not excuse, and the world does not sufficiently instruct him. When a man knows how to make an equal mixture of these things, he cannot fail to distinguish himself exceedingly from those that apply themselves but to one of them.

Study is the most solid nourishment of the mind ; it is the source of its most noble acquisitions : it is study that increases our natural talent ; but it is conversation that sets it to work and refines it : it is the great book of the world that teaches us the good use of other books, and can improve a learned man into a complete gentleman.

In a word, study makes a greater difference between a learned and ignorant man, than is between an ignorant man and a brute : but the air of the world makes a greater distinction still between a polite and a learned person. Knowledge begins the gentleman, and the correspondence of the world gives him the finishing stroke.

However, it has been observed, that some extraordinary geniusses have passed on the sudden from the meditations of the closet to the most difficult employments; but these men ought not to be produced for examples. When a man intoxicated with reading, makes his first step into the world, it is generally a false one: if he only advises himself by his books, he runs the hazard of being always an ungenteel man: immoderate study begets a grossness in his mind; the conversation of friends must assist and refine him.

It is no common blessing to meet with a faithful, sensible, and discreet friend: faithful to conceal nothing from us; sensible to remark our faults; and discreet to reprehend us for them: but to be able to believe and follow his advice is the perfection of happiness. It frequently happens, that we take a pride in following our own conceits: like those travellers that lose their way for want of taking a guide, or enquiring for the road.

I must confess, indeed, that a man who is sensible of his own abilities, and knows the advantages of his mind, that a man, I say, who aspires to glory, and intends to raise his reputation, ought to dread even the suspicion of being governed.

Dependence is insupportable to a man of spirit, especially that of the mind: when any one pretends to exercise a tyranny upon the freest part of our soul, it is a hard matter not to revolt against reason, out of mere contradiction to the person that reasons.

A necessary Rule for Conversation, &c.

WHENEVER *Solon* 'mongst the crowd
 appear'd,
 The *Greeks* were struck with virtue so rever'd,
 The tongue, no loose, no trivial mirth, pro-
 phan'd,
 The very thoughts of vice his presence rain'd.
 And *Socrates*, if they but heard his name,
 The greatest libertines confess'd their shame.
 Such power have virtue's most resplendent beams,
 To wake the guilty wretch from sordid dreams,
 Three gentle youths, 'all hum'rous, blithe and gay,
 With flowing bowls had wing'd the joyous day ;
 The joke was crack'd, the jest so glibbly flew,
 And all their stock of wit allur'd the view ;
 Till the too potent fumes o'erflow'd the brain ;
 And every sober dictate rendered vain ;
 Then, as is oft the case, from purest law,
 Absurdest consequence they each would draw,
 The heavenly precept scornfully disown,
 And e'en insult their great Creator's throne.
 Then rose *Sophronius*, virtuous, good and sage,
 And mildly forceful, thus reprov'd their rage.
 Exempt from trivial talk, and light debate,
 Your maker, virtue, and a future state,
 In other things with mirth you may behave,
 But always be on these sedate and grave.
 Rather than here irreverence admit,
 Suppress the thought, and check the fallying wit.
 Lest, if you mingle sacred with prophane,
 Your present pleasure prove a future pain,

See,

See, of their madness cur'd, the head-strong fools
 Bless the wise seer, and hail his golden rules.
 In heaven's high king alone my hope I'll place,
 My guide his law shall be, my wealth his grace,
 'Twas he who taught the enliven'd world to
 move

This earth below, yon circling spheres above,
 Creation rose beneath his fostering hand,
 And all things bow to his supreme command ;
 Vain man ! renounce the shadowy support
 Of treach'rous grandeur, or the flattering court ;
 Light are our hopes, and vain in him our trust,
 As marks imprinted on the faithless dust ;
 Air drawn delusions, that appear at most,
 A meteor's fire in many vapours lost ;
 What more the great than fortune's titled slaves ;
 Ah ! what is all their wild ambition craves,
 When their pomp sickens, and their glories fade.
 When in the unrelenting grave they're laid ;
 Fall, fall they must, the conquest of a day,
 And all their pageantry be turn'd to clay,
 Their visionary dreams of empire die,
 Their schemes drop frustrate, and their pleasures
 fly,

Happy who in th' omnipotent confide,
 Whom no proud thoughts, no impious passions
 guide ;
 Who shields the just from proud oppression's
 wrong,

Nor heeds the shafts of slander's venom'd tongue:
 With health the Lord our feeble frame sustains ;
 Dispels surrounding care, and lulls our pains ;
 He from the bosom drives each anxious fear,
 Soothes the sad groan, and wipes the falling tear..
 He bids the soft, the trembling heart be brave,
 And sinks the exulting victor to a slave ;

His

His searching eye exalts the humble crowd;
 Awes the bold menacer, appals the proud;
 In him a father helpless orphans find,
 A spouse the widow, and a guide the blind;
 He can alone o'ercome the wily foe,
 And from his servant shield the threat'ning blow.
 From him is all! from his appointment springs
 Alike the fate of kingdoms and of kings,
 His wide extended power determines all,
 And at his nod whole empires rise and fall:
 Ruler supream, thy throne shall ever be,
 Thy empire boundless as eternity.

The value and neglect of the Laws of Conversation.

IN all that has been said on the excellency of the talent of speech with which man is endued, there is not the least exaggeration. It is in effect the supreme prerogative annexed to our nature: it raises us to a class very far above that of animals, our fellow inhabitants of this lower world. How idle is it to alledge some traces of the use of speech in beasts, of some coarse articulations serving them to express certain ideas, or rather wants; but nothing comparable to human speech? by this we arrange the various parts of a set discourse, and diversify it with subjects of all kinds; by this we communicate to others the most abstract ideas, and by the thread of ratiocination extend them to conclusions the most distant from their principles. It is this use of speech which is called conversation; and, such being

being its importance, nothing is more evident than that a reasonable being, who, in all his actions, proposes some end, is not to omit regulating one of the chief employments of life, and reducing it to certain laws, by which it may turn to his greatest advantage.

Nothing is of greater concern, nothing is more neglected ; and these are the two points to be proved in this discourse.

First, We may reduce the laws of conversation to three principal ones: it should be a fund of instruction, a tie of society, and a source of pleasure.

1. Instruction is the first thing a man stands in need of at his coming into the world. If his mind be not originally a blank tablet, at least the characters traced on it are so superficial and confused, that he stands in need of the assistance of others, for clearing them and giving them a stronger impression. Accordingly, the conversations of the first years of our life are almost solely consecrated to instruction: we ask every question which our novice curiosity suggests; every new object is the matter of a question, to which those about us answer with pleasure; and every answer, being recorded in our brain, increases our stock of ideas. The several masters, under whom we receive lessons, only apply conversation to instruction; but the limits of childhood and youth, to which we confine this law of conversation, are, by much too narrow and insufficient. There is no age of life in which we cannot and should not make further improvements and augment our mental treasure, and every conversation may be turned to render it instructive. It is one of the chief talents of a sagacious man to avail himself of all sorts of conversations.

conversations, by leading the most dull and ignorant persons to talk on what they are most acquainted with, and to which you yourself generally are a stranger. You are above opening your mouth with that artificer, or that honest husbandman; and yet these people know a thousand particulars, a thousand ways of doing things, in which you every day betray the grossest ignorance. You fall into company with persons who have travelled, who have been eye witnesses of certain famous events, or even actors in them. Now, with a little attention, you may make yourself master of all they know. You are discoursing with a friend, whose views and studies have taken the same direction as yours: What can you do better than to bring on the carpet the objects of your enquiries, to communicate your ideas, assist each other in solving difficulties which have put you to a stand, and in some measure, thus mutually to sharpen your genius? Since, according to an illustrious person, who very well understood human nature, *As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.*

Thus in the observance of this first law of conversation, by which it is to be considered as a fund of instruction, ignorance vanishes, and light supercedes darkness.

2. It has been said, and proved a thousand times, that were it not for the benefits and delights of society, the condition of men would be the most miserable of any creature in the world: But by what are they enabled to form this valuable society? by speech, by the compacts they have stipulated in the conversing together? What is it which upholds society? This is likewise the effect of speech, by which men are able on every occasion, to take necessary measures for its defence and prosperity? What is it which, in the bosom of general society,

forms:

forms those small societies termed families, the several members of which are always ready to fly to the assistance and relief of each other, and among whom are seen the tenderest reciprocations of good offices? In all these wonders, in this amiable arrangement of the chaos of the merely natural state, the chief instrument is conversation. How valuable then is that law of conversation which makes it a tie of society! The hopes of the future happiness accepted, is there any thing more dear, to a mind of a good cast, than our temporal relations, than our connections of consanguinity and friendship; and even the felicity of the succeeding state, is it not the principle of a society still more excellent than any other, the society of the faithful, the foundations of which have been laid by the preaching of the word, by the whole conversations of our Saviour and his Apostles?

3. Many perhaps will find something too austere in the idea we have hitherto given of conversation, and the two laws which we have imposed on it. Can the mind be always on the stretch? Can our thoughts be always fixed on instruction? Is it always necessary that our discourse should be strengthening the bands of society? Are there not a thousand easy, light, sportive, and innocent conversations, where no such thing is thought of? Very true; and this deserves a third law, which likewise is not without its worth. It is that conversation, when it cannot formally be directed to the preceding ends, should be a source of entertainment. Recreations make a part of our life, and an essential part, as thereby we recover the vigour and alertness necessary for the due performance of our duties. Now, of all recreations, the most natural, and likewise most universally within the reach of every one, is an agreeable conversation, whereby

whereby the moments glide away with a sweet rapidity, and afterwards the soul finds itself in a tranquil and even chearful situation.

There needs as much discretion to give advice, as compliance to follow it. Nothing is so dreadful as a friend that takes the advantage of his own experience, that proposes all his counsels as laws, and, with the air of a master, that takes from us the privilege of examining what he says, and would force the mind by authority, rather than win it by argument. Such a man never fails to set himself for an example; he cites his observations upon all occasions; he brings his own adventures for proofs, and he has seen all that he advances; every thing that he says is extravagant, and the fear he is under of not saying enough to persuade, makes him always say too much to be believed.

Yet to receive advice implicitly, and without consideration, is no less to be blamed, than to give it in a rude imperious manner. It is our interest to overcome the one, and to soften the other; sometimes we should assist the liberty of him, that informs us, by accepting his counsels with readiness.

Good advice loses its force in the mouth of a friend who is too complaisant; when he expresses himself earnestly, he stirs up our hearts the more he excites our attention the better. Wholesome remedies seldom have an agreeable taste; and the best humoured physicians are not always those who do us the most good.

We ought to look upon ourselves as infirm, so long as we have need of advice. But, alas! who has not need of it? If the advice is good, why should we reject it, because it is not delivered with a good grace? We ought to consider whether we cannot draw some advantage from it before we throw it aside, nay we ought not in interest, to reject
all

all bad advice, lest, by so doing, we discourage those persons who may sometimes advise us well.

At the worst, though we should reap no other benefit from it than barely to learn how to overcome our nicety, and to cure ourselves of what displeases us in another; is not this enough to oblige us to give ear to them, and thank them for their pains?

A bad example may serve to deter us from evil, as a good one to excite us to what is good. Let us reap the advantage of it from whatever part it comes, and after whatever manner it is given us.

It is our business to distinguish gold from earth: We find it seldom pure, but it is never the less gold: it is the fault of the workman, not the metal.

We meet sometimes with men of exquisite sense, who have not the gift of explaining themselves: We ought to dispense with the defect of their expression, and take the benefit of their good sense. Others have an easiness of speech and go no farther than the outside of things: Let us imitate what is good in their language; and penetrate farther into the truth than they do.

There are others likewise who have drudged all their life to make themselves learned, but were never able to make themselves agreeable men: We esteem their knowledge, but their manner is little taking with us: we should be glad of improving ourselves by their learning; but are not able to endure their ill humour.

Our unwillingness to bear with this hinders us from reaping the advantages we might otherwise receive from their conversation. We prefer the discourse of an ignorant flatterer before the conversation of a learned man, when he is morose and severe: The authority which he usurps over us, is indeed troublesome; but is not this a privilege acquired by superior talents? If he lets us partake

of

of what he knows, is it too great an acknowledgement to pay a seeming submission to his sentiments?

Yet I would not have this submission blind. It is just we should reserve to ourselves the liberty of reflecting upon what he says; but we must answer him with a great deal of deference; we ought not to contradict him but with a design to instruct ourselves better; we should comply with reason as soon as it appears, and give our assent to it; though it comes not out of the mouth of a pedant.

However, let us not receive his doctrine as infallible; let us not establish our opinion upon that of another; for it is in matters of faith alone, that a man ought to follow his master implicitly.

To be able to pass a true judgment upon things, we ought always to be upon our guard against the reputation of him that speaks them, the air of the face, the manner of speaking, the quality, the time, the place, all help to impose upon you. Admiration is the mark of a little genius, and your great admirers are for the most part very shallow people; they want to be informed when it is proper to laugh: The upper gallery, which has no other knowledge than what nature gave them, judge perhaps better of a play, than our fine sparks that crowd about the stage.

The greatest secret then to succeed in conversation, is, to admire little, to hear much; always to distrust our own reason, and sometimes that of our friends, but to make that of others appear as much as we can; to hearken to what is said, and to answer to the purpose.

Several

Several men have several Delights.

MÆCENAS born of royal blood,
 My joy, my guard, my sweetest good;
 Some love with rapid wheels to raise
 Olympian dust, and gather praise,
 Where races won, and palms bestow'd,
 On those who are with gifts endow'd;
 And some in high commands are proud,
 That great preferment of the crowd,
 Blown by their breath the bubble flies,
 Gazed at a while; then breaks and dies:
 Another ploughs his father's fields,
 His barn holds all that *Lybia* yields;
 And hopes of wealth and worlds of gain,
 Shall never tempt him from the plain;
 Or draw his fearful soul to ride
 In feeble ships, and stem the tide:
 The merchants toss'd in angry seas,
 That praise their fields, and quiet ease,
 Yet-rigg their tattered ships once more,
 Untaught, unable to be poor:
 Some underneath a myrtle shade,
 Or by smooth springs supinely laid,
 With mirth, and wine, and wanton play,
 Contract the business of the day:
 Shrill trumpets sounds and noisy wars,
 That mothers hate, please others ears.
 The hunter doth his ease forgoe,
 He lies abroad in frost, and snow;
 He soon forgets his pleasing wife
 And all the soft delights of life,
 Whilst faithful Hounds a deer pursue;
 Or have a raging bear in view:
 The purling streams and shady grove
 The Nymphs and Satyrs dance and love,

Green

Green ivy Crowns that only spread
 Fresh honours round a learned head.

On Solitude.

HA I L ever pleasing Solitude!
 Companion of the wise and good!

But from whose holy piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk;

Which innocence and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,

And still in every shape you please:

Now, wrapt in some mysterious dream,

Alone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,

And now you sweep the vaulted sky,

And nature triumphs in your eye.

Thine is the unbounded breath of morn,

Just as the dew-bent rose is born;

And while meridian fervours beat,

Thine is the wood-lands dumb retreat,

But chief, when evening scenes decay.

And the faint landkip swims away,

Thine is the doubtful dear decline,

And that best hour of musing thine,

Descending angels bless thy train,

The virtue of the sage and swain;

Plain innocence, in white array'd,

And contemplation rears the head;

Religion with her awful brow,

And meditation waits on you.

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,

And in thy deep recesses dwell,

For

For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
 For ever from the world retir'd. ———
 While at this solemn hour the prostrate world
 Unconscious-lies, and the mad sons of riot
 Pursue the midnight revel, oft let me,
 With all the blest tranquillity of mind,
 Which innocence and meditation give,
 To such delightful solitude repair,
 And to its sweet and lasting joys
 Give all my ravish'd soul, oft let me rise
 On contemplation's ever soaring wings,
 Above mortality, and life's low cares,
 To talk with angels. Oft let fancy stretch,
 Her boundless flight to regions unexplor'd;
 And thro' ideal worlds delighted range,
 Happy in her own gay creation's charms.
 Bless'd solitude! a thousand joys are thine;
 The generous, great design; the noble thought;
 The feeling heart; the boundless social wish;
 The wide embrace that grasps the works of God
 With universal love Peaceful and calm,
 With thee fair Virtue evermore remains,
 And sacred wisdom makes her blest abode.
 Thrice lovely pair! best ornaments of heaven!
 Your happy path; let me for ever tread,
 Unweary'd follow where you point the way,
 And all your footsteps reverently adore.

How an old man may know he is in health.

TIS allowed we know of nothing so little as of
 ourselves: It has been said principally of
 the mind, but it is scarce true of the body. Fan-
 cying we have diseases will often bring them upon
 us: but there is as much danger in forcing our-
 selves to believe, against our feeling, that we are
 well

well, when some disorder is in the body. This is the less common error of the two; but there are more instances of it than may be thought. I avoid both let the old man read the following lines with a free mind. Let him not suppose, because God has blessed him with long health, he is above the reach of sickness, nor neglect the care which may conquer, in its beginning, a disease that would in the end conquer him. Let him be as ready to acknowledge real disorders, as careful to avoid imaginary. Health consists in a good digestion of the food: and a free circulation of the blood. The appetite and the condition of the stomach after eating will shew the first; and the latter may be known by the pulse. That an old person's digestion is good, who has a sharp but not a voracious appetite: and who feels no pain or sickness after meals. To preserve this let him always be content with less than the full of what he could eat. The sure way to keep the stomach in order is not to overload it. The time of feeling the pulse is in the morning, a little while after getting up; and before breakfast. It should be a rule never to omit this examination. A constant and regular attention to it will shew the slightest variations: and when any such happen, care must be taken of the health. While any old man feels his pulse regular, finds his digestion good, and with a mind at ease can take his usual exercise freely, he may laugh at those who expect the next inheritance. He may be certain he is well; for when the fault is seen in time it is easily remedy'd. Healthful old age is the most valuable and happy period of human life. Experience has rendered the ancient more able than those who have seen less, and felt less, to conduct themselves and their descendants; and being freed from the empire of the passions they enjoy quiet. But however, old men's diseases

are

are hard to cure: But they are easily prevented: and the same means which preserve their health, give also happiness. It must be a good natural fabric which has preserved it self entire so long, and thro' so many chances; and the same strength will keep it, perhaps, much longer together under a good regulation. Moderate diet and proper exercise are the best guardians of health, both in old and young: But in the advanced period here considered, there are two great preservatives besides; these are ease of mind and cheerfulness of disposition, both are the natural offspring of health; and they will continue the blessing to which they owe their Origin. Many are cut off in old age, by disorders which a proper regimen might have prevented, for one who dies of age, or its unavoidable effects, many fall by accidents, to one who is fairly call'd away by nature.

The sons of Riot, weakly, sickly, train,
 Dos'd amidst drunken cups they waste the
 day;

The silent hours of night with noise prophane,
 And drown inglorious, cool reflections ray.

Ye sons of thirst, ye health-destroying race,
 Shun the insidious glass, rich reason's bane;
 E'er purpled poisons scorch the pimpled face,
 And boil the blood in each pulse wanting vein:

Bloat the bloom'd cheek, the sparkling eye balls
 blear

Make pale the healthy and unnerve the strong
 Swell the small waist, the memory impair

And steal each secret from the stammering
 tongue.

Free from disease the active, temperate feast,
 Each dainty meal, by exercise they prove,
 What courts may envy the unfated taste,
 The joys of health, of liberty and love.

*The folly of affecting an Acquaintance
 with the Great.*

FROM a ridiculous pride of seeming to be of some consequence, or to have great interest, and great merit, there are people who think it a mighty happiness, that they can be seen in company with those of a superior rank in life: to say in a public place, I din'd yesterday with his Grace the ——— To-morrow I am engag'd to my Lord ——— gives an air of importance to a creature, who fixes his whole merit in having eat and drank at a table with men who were only distinguished from others by their title and equipage. For a merchant's wife, or a gentlewoman just come out of the country, to have continual engagements at the court end of the town, or to be one in a party of pleasure with some Ladies of quality, conveys to them a peculiar satisfaction, as they have an opportunity to let their own acquaintance know: that they keep the best company in *Ireland*. Of the first of these characters was *Will. Lovetitle*, who with a handsome fortune of 800 *l.* a year, would keep company with persons of quality of 12 or 16000. *Will* was always complaisantly receiv'd; because let whatever expensive proposal be made, he readily came into it, and spent equal to any body, to entitle himself to their company. This humour introduc'd him to the intimacy of the first personages of the kingdom, who, tho' they

VOL. VI. K knew

knew he was running out his fortune with them, had no more regard for him, than thinking him a foolish fellow; and letting him go on in his own way. In a few years his oaks were first fallen, then his estate mortgaged, and at last sold. *Will.* with the residue of his money arising from the sale, still kept the same company, as if his estate was clear; when this became very low, and he had but a small stock at his banker's to draw for, he opened the State of his affairs, to his noble and intimate friends, hoping, by their Interest, to get some genteel place for life. On application he met with the same reception from them all: They were all sorry for his misfortune, but it was out of their power to help him; and wondered he could have possibly been so imprudent in his conduct, when he was the best judge of his own affairs. In short, all he could obtain from his powerful friends was, that one of them, for 100 guineas, which was to be a present to somebody, got him a lieutenant's commission in a new rais'd regiment, ordered to the *West-Indies*; where he went almost with a hope to be knock'd on the head for his past folly.

Madam Transfer has the same infatuation to Ladies of quality as poor *Lovetitle* had to the Men, her husband deals for more thousands a year than most noble men have as an income; for this reason she thinks she may spend in proportion to her husband's returns, instead of his profit; she is at present very intimate with Lady *Spadilla*, Lady *Bubble*, the honourable Mrs. *Cheatwood*, and the gay Lady *Fanny Schemer*, who have not only taught her extravagancies of every kind, but have already got 2000*l.* of her, which she has raised on her jewels and jointure, unknown to her husband.—I would advise her to make a timely retreat, lest she add to the number

ber of polite city Ladies, who have ruined themselves and families, from a ridiculous ambition to talk of, and be seen among persons of quality. When people of independent, handsome fortunes run into this folly, they also have their inferiors, who as idly court and imitate them: Hence extravagance, love of gaieties, the taste for modish pleasures, are in a chain of imitation, carried down to the lowest people, who would seem to have a notion of what high life is, by spending more than they can afford with those they call their betters. I would not be understood that the respective conditions of mankind are to be restrain'd to their separate estates, and have no intercourse; the mechanic may keep company with the tradesman, the tradesman with the merchant and gentleman: They with the Peer; but then it must be in a manner proper to their distinct characters, without entering into a servile dependancy, or vain extravagance. When freedom, good sense, and good manners, are the rules on which they act, persons often find great advantages from their acquaintance with persons in a superior station of life: but when such acquaintance is meerly a slavish attendance, or leagues of vice and folly, instead of generosity and friendship, it then falls under the censure which the poet has given of it.

Would I curse the man I hate,
Attendance and dependance be his fate. —

Man only from himself can suffer wrong;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
Hence wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
He lies expos'd to every rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound;
He splits on rocks, and runs his bark a-ground;

Or wide of land, a desert ocean views,
 And to the last the flying port pursues;
 Yet to the last the port he does not gain,
 And dying finds too late he liv'd in vain.

A remarkable passage which is yearly offered at Dunmow in Essex, viz. A gammon of Bacon is given to Husband or Wife, being married a year and a day, who can swear the oath here mentioned.

IN the reign of *William the conqueror* 1141. This custom was instituted by *Robert Fitz-Richard*, created Earl of *Clare*, that he who should not repent of his marriage, either sleeping or waking, in a year and a day; nor had any brawls or contentions with his wife, nor made any nuptial transgression within that time and would take his oath of the same before the whole town kneeling upon two hard pointed stones; should have a gammon or flitch of bacon delivered to them with great solemnity; and be carried upon mens shoulders, with the Bacon held before him, thro' the town, accompanied by the towns-folks, with great rejoicings and merriment. This reward of conjugal love and constancy is recorded at said place, to have been claimed thrice, and given to one *Stephen Samuel*, of little *Ashton*, in *Essex*, a husbandman in the reign of King *Edward* the 6th, to one *Richard Wright*, of *Badeburgh*, near the town of *Norfolk* on April 17th in the 23d of *Henry* the 6th, and to *Thomas le Fuller*, of *Coggeshal*, *Essex*, on the 8th

9f

of *September* 1510. according to the form of the charter or donation.

The form of the Oath on that occasion administered.

YOU shall swear by custom and confession,
 If ever you made nuptial transgression;
 Be you either married man, or wife,
 By household brawls, or contentious strife;
 Or otherwise in bed, or at board,
 Offended each other, in deed or word;
 Or since the Parish-Clerk said, Amen,
 You wish'd your selves, unmarried again;
 Or, in a twelve month's time, and a day,
 Repented not in thought any way;
 But continued true, and just in desire,
 As when you join'd hands in the holy choir.
 If to those conditions, without fear;
 Of your own accord, you will freely swear;
 A whole gammon of Bacon you shall receive,
 And bear it hence with love and good leave.
 For this is our custom of *Dunmow*, well known,
 'Tis the pleasure is our's, the Bacon's your own.

—Some assert that the Manor is still held by this custom, and that the Lord thereof is obliged give the Bacon when thus demanded.

On true Beauty.

THink not, my friend, that beauty lies
 In blooming cheeks, or sparkling eyes ;
 Nor that the heavenly charmer rests
 On ruby lips, or snowy breasts ;
 Nor fancy that she's really seen
 In comely shape, or sprightly mein ;
 Can that be beauty which decays,
 And dies before life's fleeting days ;
 Would you immortal beauty find,
 Go seek her in a virtuous mind.

That man is truly virtuous, who is neither proud in good fortune, nor abject in bad ; who desires nothing so much as heaven, and fears nothing but the loss of it ; who returns affronts with favours, and injuries with pardon ; who is strict in examination of himself, and easy to his neighbour, who speaks well of all but himself, and never pardons his own defects, nor censures those of his brethren. In a word do good, and fly from evil, is the sum of your duty. This is virtue in short-hand, perfection in epitome, and heaven in reversion.

Learning and knowledge is of little use unless we are truly grateful and thankful to our glorious God.

IF man is the only creature upon earth that is capable of knowing, loving, and praising God, and enjoying his creator; and if every thing which he has placed round about us, was with a design to conduct us to himself, all knowledge which is not directed to this end, is not wisdom but folly; all learning and study which sets God on one hand, and nature on the other, is an idle and unprofitable amusement, and nothing better than lost labour; ending in pride and ignorance, error and uncertainty. To fill our heads with several particulars of nature, without directing our thoughts, and inquiries to the author of it; to be sensible of all his favours and blessings, without being a whit more religious or more grateful, is to imitate those senseless rich misers, who without knowing the use of silver or furniture, are continually heaping up plate upon plate, and tapestry upon tapestry, and convert their houses into mere warehouses of household goods, without having them furnish'd in any decent or tolerable manner. Several persons regard natural history merely as a genteel accomplishment: others apply themselves to it, in order to bear a share in the disputes of the learned; some to form a collection of curiosities; and the greatest part by way of amusement or relaxation from their more severe studies, or the business of their respective callings. But how do men disgrace this excellent study, by such mean and narrow views! the prospect of nature was laid open to us for more noble purposes, to make us better men,

and to inspire us with the most exalted sentiments of love and gratitude towards him, who is the author and giver of all good things. It was doubtless the Design of God in that beauty and order which he has display'd in every part of the creation, to attract our eyes, and invite our attention; but at the same time that he has given us abilities and powers, to discern clearly the use and fitness of things, he has cast a veil over their essences, and shut us out from the knowledge of that particular structure and mechanism, from which their several properties and qualities result. The design of God herein is very manifest. It was not his intention to satisfy our curiosity, and to give us a full and comprehensive knowledge of his works, but to affect our minds with the sense of his benefits. Natural history therefore is the history of his presents, and the greater progress we make in the study of it, the deeper sense shall we have of the obligations we lie under to him; but to know how much we stand indebted to the Divine favour, and to be unmindful of our great Benefactor, is to join ingratitude to knowledge, and consequently to aggravate our crime; all our learning being of no farther use or value, than as it tends to influence our conduct, and to give us right and worthy conceptions of the Deity.

The heart is with regard to man, what man is to the natural system; for as there would be neither beauty, order, nor fitness in the world, were it not for man; for whose use and benefit they were design'd; so neither is study, learning, or any other endowments in man, available to any good purpose if the heart be not bettered by them. Every thing refers it self to the heart of man, and the grateful heart refers all to God. —

Whither

Whither thou go'est conceive, and to what end?
 When thine own feet the house of God ascend.
 There rather hear his life-directing rules,
 Than offer up the sacrifice of fools.
 For sinful are their gifts, who neither know
 What they to God should give, or what they owe.

J — B — to F — S — on Pa-
triotism, 1710.

IT has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate the actual possessors of merit from the pretenders to it. This has been my pursuit in all my searches into the human heart; and I have made it my study to fix proper distinctions between the virtues of mankind; and those false colours which so often dazzle the eyes of the Vulgar: for by these means I have supposed, that I should, with most probability, dive not only into the real merits, but into the delusive pretences of the world.

This I find too, is at present becoming necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pretenders to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; whilst men of integrity, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the contempt they have for such applause, sit easy, and silently enjoy the satisfaction of their own bosoms. The pretenders, like religious hypocrites, content themselves with the shadow instead of the substance; and, if they can attract the eyes of the common people, and make them burst into noise and show, they find their reward; not from any inward pleasure.

sure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which they receive from the opinions of the Rabble.

Of this Species there is not a more empty and pernicious animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a *Mock Patriot*. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that is loudly open in his professions, and apparently warm in his connections, although, too often, this warmth is solely excited by pecuniary expectations, or the almost as powerful inducements of Ambition; he is one that, without entering into the soul or spirit of *Patriotism*, has a few general rules which he outwardly acts by, and a few general phrases and sentiments which he pours forth on all occasions; he is sufficiently master of his business to divide and subdivide these cant terms; so that, like a bad musician, he catches the common and undistinguishing ear, but is always condemned by that of the truly judicious.

How greatly different is that excellent character of a *true Patriot*; or in other words a real lover and promoter of his *Country's good*! He freely looks into his own bosom, and with transport considers those generous seeds which by the hand of Nature are there planted; he goes on to a right cultivation of them, and thus makes his virtue venerable to futurity. It is with the utmost regret he looks on the least degeneracy from that public Spirit, which ought to be the first and principal motive of all our actions. He observes that, in the wise states of *Greece* and *Rome*, this incentive was always kept up, and that to be a *Patriot* was the justest title to distinction; he sees that gallantry took its rise from hence; and that the words Dastard and Coward, were appellations which originally marked out persons devoid of this virtue: and he acknowledges, that the want of warmth for the publick welfare is

is a defect so scandalous, that he who is guilty of it has no claim or pretence to honour or manhood.

How ample is this character, and how striking must it be to imaginations susceptible of such feelings ! Yet, on the other hand, how detestable and painful is its contrast ! — If there are men whose minds are merely absorbed in self, and whose souls are totally insensible to all but private attachments, they must surely be incapable of thinking at all, or must think and act on the most ignoble principles. If there are such men, who, by a false shew of patriotism, can so gloss over their affectation of integrity, as to be able cunningly to mislead multitudes ; and meanly to exalt themselves ; — if, I say, there are such men, and they can think — how wretched must be their reflections.

Can *Avarus* comfort himself for his loss of character by balancing his savings and stating his accounts, when he coolly reflects that those paltry counters, which he confines to his chest, would with glory have circulated to the security of his reputation, the good of his adherents, and to the service of his country ? Will the courtly *Floris*, though brilliantly rolling in a splendid equipage, enjoy that heart-felt happiness which his own domains, and the social joys of his country retirement have formerly afforded him, when he uttered the sentiments of an old Roman, and was believed by his associates ?

However, that a negligence of the Public is become epidemic, it not yet, I hope, a generally received maxim ; and I as solemnly wish, that Custom, may never so forcibly predominate, but that we may all still firmly believe, that there is no evil, no crime, so great as that of being cold in matters which relate to the public good.

A Poem.

*A Poem upon an Election for Parliament
men.*

POx of these vile distractions, high and low,
This war of words, vain party feuds which flow
From spleen, not reason; prithee what's to me,
Whether my friend a whig or tory be;
I'm no state bigot, and in neither blame;
The honest man, but the dishonest name;
We, slaves to sounds, and Politician's arts
For empty names with real freedom parts,
Prerogative and Property, strange words!
That turn our heads, and then unsheath our swords,
Are terms with which sly statesmen cheat us all,
And us'd alternate as they rise or fall.
The Whig, in pow'r prerogative, strains high,
Tory disgrac'd, stands firm for property.
Since party zeal's the surest way to rise,
Who argues against places; friend-be wise.
We, scaffoldings of power, are us'd and prais'd,
By rising greatness, but thrown by when rais'd.
So my good friend with his smooth haughty brow,
With humble fawn does to stiff Burgess bow;
Begs votes, but mounted in triumphal chair,
He swells, and reassumes his distant air.

*A Poem on the Tombs of the Kings of
Judea.*

IS this alas our boasted mortal's state;
Is it for this we covet to be great.

What:

What happiness from envy'd grandeur springs,
 When these poor reliques once were mighty Kings;
 O frail uncertainty of human power,
 When graves can Majesty it self devour,
 While death distinguishes no sex nor birth,
 And Regal Graces moulder into earth.
 Alas, how strange how sad a change is here,
 In what a dress does royalty appear;
 Where's now the globe for thy supream command,
 Or where's the sceptre that adorn'd this hand,
 Where's now the crown which once these temples
 bound,

Or where's the trailing robes that swept the ground.
 Where are the brawny guards which aw'd thy state,
 And cringing crowds which once were proud to
 wait,

Are those thin jaws the same which used to treat,
 Thy pamper'd palate with the choicest meat,
 Can narrow limits such as these contain,
 The chang'd extent of thy once largest reign,
 Canst thou at whose least frown a nation shook,
 And dreaded lightning from thy stormy look,
 Canst thou alas be passively content,
 To let intruders search thy monument.

Thou, who were once too great for vulgar touch,
 Can thy proud Majesty be chang'd so much,
 That common men, unknown to Kings-like you,
 Thus poise you, turn you, and wonder at the view.

—Can mortal man boast of his days;
 O Lord, thou know'st, they're but a span,
 Can man be perfect in his ways
 Kings, Lords, and Princes, are but man. —

This world is not the place for unmolested quiet,
 whoever imagines to build any perpetual or lasting
 resource of satisfaction, except that which simply
 results from the contemplation of a good conduct,
 and

and the pleasing consequence thereof, will assuredly fail to accomplish the purpose. It is possible to enjoy the present, but absolutely impracticable to ensure the future, and every project that our sagacity may, form or judgment adopt, for the continuation of pleasures is both ineffectual and vain, that at last must be referr'd to the disposal of his will, who ordereth all things according to his fore-knowledge of their fitness.

Of Modesty and Humility.

Modesty is a virtue say some, that will starve a man, and indeed among some undiscerning persons it goes under no better notion than cowardice, and sneakingness of spirit; when audaciousness and arrogance are valued at a high rate among fools. But there are some wise and judicious men dispersed here and there among us; and these know how to judge of true modesty and humbleness of spirit, and with them these qualities are of great price. But however God hath an especial favour for them, and doth value them, and will reward them either here or hereafter. He exalts the humble and meek, and fills the hungry soul with good things. — Humility makes a man think meanly of himself, moderate of his own notions and apprehensions, highly of those that deserve it, and respectfully of all. Humility is a great step to unity, *Ephesians* 4. 2. "I beseech you, that ye walk with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." This virtue made *Aristippus* come to *Ephesus*, when they

they were at variance, with this greeting, *Eschines*, shall we be friends; and this dictated his answer, Yes, Sir, with all my heart. But remember, saith *Aristippus*, that I being elder than you, do make the first motion, Yes, said the other, and therefore I conclude you to be the worthier man: for I began the strife, and you began the peace. Let us all then be cloathed with humility, assume not in regard of your learning, wit, or parts, consider you are but sharers in our common benefactor; neither let your riches or dignities make you speak or write otherwise than you would do without them; and this will go a great way to prevent our biting and devouring one another.——Modesty is a strict regard to chastity and honour in the female sex, and a distrust of merit and understanding in ours. It inspires us with sentiments of virtue and discretion, and arms us against impurities, which we see make so scandalous a figure in men of a licentious converse and deportment; it controuls our notions of pride and arrogance, and never looks upon that to be wit, which cannot be uttered without a tacit condemnation of the speaker, and a reprehension from those to whom it is spoken. It may be called the guardian of divine and human instructions, as fearing to trample on the ordinances of God, or decrees of the Republic; further, it has a regulation from it self, and makes a law of decency to direct its conduct.——It is said of a truly honourable gentleman in a high office that being lately solicited for a Church living in *Hampshire*, worth about 150 *l.* a year, cut the person short thus——Sir, I have in my own mind disposed of the living already; there is a man in my neighbourhood, whose modesty will not permit him to ask for it, who has a numerous family to provide for, and merit sufficient to entitle him to it.——An excellent

excellent example to the superiors of worthy Curates, and deserving Parish-Clarks, of unblemished character, several of whom (to my knowledge) have attended their duty, with diligence, prudence and sobriety, above thirty years, who yet remain unnoticed in the decline of life, at which time it is to be supposed they should have a comfortable subsistence to recompence their former labours.

IF I N I S.

8 MA 64



